

CAVALCADE

February 13

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The deadly charm of Radiant Jade
Hormones heal hangovers

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Cavalcade

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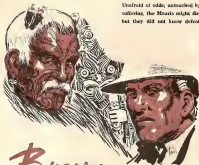
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Brown AND UNBEATEN

CEDRIC B. WENTWORTH

THIS is the story of two men—two lives separated by almost a century—but both equal in the courage and chivalry of their native race. They were brown men. Their names were Hauraki and Hōhoro.

I first heard the story of Hauraki, young chief of the Hōhoro, from the lips of an old Maori warrior as he looked in the sun at the door of his house at Pūhā, in the Bay of Islands.

I had asked the old chief whether

Unfraid of odds, unmotivated by suffering, the Maori might die; but they did not know defeat.

the Maori of to-day was as good a man as, say, his great-grandfather. The old man was silent for a long time, but when he spoke I had an idea that he was smiling at me behind his wrinkles and the blue mark of his tattoo.

Judge for yourselves. Here is the story.

In the North Auckland War of 1845, Hauraki was on the side of the British against his kinsman, Hōhoro Eke.

Hauraki, with thirteen men, was part of a large force of redcoats and Maori who were pursuing Hōhoro's men up the Waikato River from the Bay of Islands. Hōhoro had just achieved the impossible by bundling a force of British regulars out of Hauraki into their ships, but at the time it was nearly Maori fighting Maori. Hauraki proved almost too good at the game, for with his thirteen men he succeeded in cutting the natives' line of retreat.

Alone in the forest, with from their main force, the fourteen warriors met only fighting men of the Kapotoi. They asked steadily into them, "thinking not of the light of the sun nor of the number of the enemy, but only to elevate their names."

Hauraki, huge and light on his feet as a panther, led the attack. A dozen Kapotoi went down at the first charge, and the others began to fall back.

Then the young chief Hōhoro, leader of the Kapotoi redcoats, turned to rally his men. He charged forward; Hauraki brandished to meet him at the head of his men, and momentarily the two chiefs stood face to face in a clearing.

Hauraki was leading his men, struggling to clasp a mid-offer up down on the ripple. Hōhoro saw his chance and took it. Fired at fifteen yards' range, his musket-ball struck Hauraki full in the chest and smashed as way through his body is seen as the spear.

Hauraki staggered, but continued leading. He scratched another eye, fixed it, and shot Hōhoro dead with a ball which tore out his heart. Then Hauraki murmured: "I do not surrender," and took to the ground.

Driven mad at the loss of their leader, the Kapotoi fell upon the eight remaining men of the Hōhoro. Those warriors died about their

chief and commenced to fight a stubborn, unyielding action, while two of them dragged the silent Hauraki towards the river. But he, though numb and bleeding from a wound which should have killed him instantly, was still a soldier and a general.

"Do not remain with me to die," he whispered. "Hide me in the fern and escape yourselves, and bring back our people to carry me off."

They fought their way out. Once at the river, however, they discovered that their troubles were not over.

The redcoats, formed in squares, were covering the retreat of their Maori allies.

There was a confusion of boats and canoes on the river, and the redcoats could not understand why a party of Hōhoro wanted to go back into the forest. At last the puzzled was forced to its boats, taking with it the eight expatriated Hōhoro warriors, and the whole force withdrew to the Bay of Islands.

Hauraki lay alone, gasping his life out in the fern, while the time moved on to a cold, wet midnight. His one thought was of the disgrace of being taken alive. And according to my informant (who also was his kinsman) he saw the spirit of the greatest warrior of all his ancestors, who said to him: "Arise! Shall my descendant be taken alive?"

Then Hauraki said, "I am a good man, and like unto my ancestors, but god and half man." Then the spirit said, "In the mind is the strength of the body. Arise!" These are the words of the legend.

Stammering, grey-faced in the dripping dark, Hauraki dragged himself erect. He would go home to die. There would be no disgrace. He shaped his hands about the coming wounds and bled his journey.

By morning he reached the river

A long search disclosed a canoe, left in the covelet. He lowered himself in and headed downstream. Hours afterwards the canoe beached in the woods and rolled over.

That could have been death, but Hamaiki knew that he was going home. Nearly he struts out the beach basking from a powdered lung, the water splashing with the blood to choke him. He stretched the canoe, and there was the house of a white man who cared for him until his own people came.

Hamaiki was home in honour back to the British camp where the best of the regimental doctors worked on him without need. At last they admitted there was no hope; his surviving tribe here has home to Hokianga. And there, on his own soil and among his own people, died Hamaiki, chief of the Himaiki.

The other incident occurred just ninety-nine years later on the other side of the world. But again a force of Maori was allied with the British against a common enemy. The date was February 18, 1881, and the place was Chateau, in Italy.

Two crack American divisions had failed to take Chateau, and had been broken. An American corps had landed at Anzio behind the German lines and had been beaten back to a perilous headquarter. The whole Italian campaign—and with it the pending invasion of Europe—turned on the breaching of the German line at Chateau. There was one slight chance of quick success.

If a small force of infantry could make a surprise night attack, seize the station and hold it until tanks could be got forward over the soft ground, the whole position might be outflanked. Out of the forces of all the Allied Nations on the spot the High Command chose two companies of the 25th New Zealand Māori Battalion.

That, the story of Wakafield, is at first hand. I saw the attack go in, and was there when the survivors came rolling out of battle. There were four companies of Maori—less than four hundred men. Captain Wakafield has done so the old Maori who had adopted the name could get to Wakafield commended one company. He was a quiet, well-educated man, not big but well-muscled and heavy-shouldered, the sort of Maori you may see around New Zealand universities and city offices.

The Maori went in, proving their claim to be among the greatest hero-fighters in the world. Hard to hand, they met the paratroopers and wrestled them back. By morning they had Chateau station—but by evening the whole towering mountain and the town upon it shivered down erupting steel. Tanks crept up along the high ground to pound the Maori position. From a line of machine-guns only a few yards away, but unapproachable because of wire, mines and machine, the paratroopers fought back with everything they had.

Gradually the Maori hung on, while all the Allied army laboured to secure the foothold they had won. The door to Rome was open—with a Maori foot in it—but... The engineers could not open the maw. The tanks could not get forward. Without tanks or anti-tank guns the Maori could do nothing except retire.

Even then it was almost too late. Rommy Mark IV tanks came to within in a few yards, the muzzle-flashes of their guns blowing some Maori from their silhouettes. In a last and burst of fighting fury, the Maori waded out the attacking infantry and prepared to withdraw.

Wakafield was down, more a chief than a captain now. He gave the order to retire. His men hesitated.

Both Wakafield's legs were broken, the bones at one shattered by Spandrel fire. He told his men to save themselves. It wasn't in the poetic old Maori language, neither the crisp, colloquial English:

"Get to hell out of here! Get back! That's an order!"

They went. He lay there quietly as the cold, wet night closed in. Guttural voices were all about him. Somebody laughed, and talked at him. Good, he was dead already! Anyway, he wasn't a priest—yet. It wasn't good to be taken prisoner.

He began to move. His legs were useless, so he had to drag himself along by his elbows. He must get back.

When he had won a few paces more, he drew his bayonet and cut two sticks about a foot long. Then he sharpened. Holding one in each hand and digging them into the ground, he could make slightly better time. A foot, a yard—and very much aided by those thick dark stones.

This, too, is incredible—but it happened. Captain Wakafield crossed nearly two miles of battlefield, including minefields, streams and barbed-wire entanglements, on the strength of his arms alone. It took him seventeen hours, the last five in daylight, with the shells of a major battle falling around him.

Did he die? No. When they carried him into the dressing station he was still conscious enough to grab fiercely for his bayonet and threaten with violent death anyone who proposed to amputate his legs. They patched him up, and decorated him—and he still has his legs.

When I saw Wakafield at his work in New Zealand a few months ago, I remembered the words of an old Maori sitting in the sun at Pukekohe:

"The new ones are good as the old?"
 Eh, my boy—but the new ones never drink so, do they? And that is a good and fitting thing for a man—to honour his fathers, and to know that his sons will honour him."



the deadly charm of

Radiant Jade



WALKER MATHESON

With grace, sex and seductiveness, she betrayed her land for the money of the Japanese.

THE clock-and-dagger business is thriving today as never before. But upon never advertise themselves and it's only after they've met an ignominious death that their names get in the headlines.

The glamorous Mata Hari, whose intrigues during the first world war placed her in front of a French firing squad, has met a peer in infamy as Radiant Jade, a Manchurian princess whose exploits were so fabulous that

they verge close on the fantastic.

Radiant Jade, like her European counterpart, was a creature of mystery.

Her father was the great Prince Su, her mother was one of his early concubines. The first years of her life were spent in the vast sprawling palace of her exalted father at Peking. Came the revolution of 1911 when the corrupt Dragon Throne of the Manchus was toppled, and Radi-

ant Jade, then 4 years old, was rescued by a nurse when the palace was sacked.

During the first few years of turmoil in the new Chinese republic Radiant Jade found a haven in the Hunanese city of Port Arthur, in Manchuria, where she was adopted by a Japanese named Kawashima. He changed the baby princess' name from Chin Su-fan (Radiant Jade) to Yoshiko, which in Japanese means "Beautiful One." There she was brought up more as a boy than a girl, and her life was based on the rigid code of Japan's samurai, the Shinto-like warrior caste. But she was not so loyalist that she could envisage seduction at a tender age at the hands of her Japanese foster father.

Meanwhile, her life with Kawashima was steeped with every sort of intrigue.

One of the earliest intrigues was a Japanese plan to gain control of Inner Mongolia. In order to get the stage, Radiant Jade was married off to the Prince of Tachiar, who had been selected to serve as a Japanese puppet. The dream — a dream that seemed so readily attainable because — was that the Prince was to succeed his ancestor, Genghis Khan, and set out on the conquest of Asiatic Russia.

Nothing came of the wild scheme at the time. Perhaps the date was too early. In any case, Radiant Jade became demoralized with the rugged, romantic existence of her Mongol spouse whose "palace" was usually a thick felt tent, and she left him for the more brilliant life in Old Peking.

There she found romance easy to her liking. When the Prince of Tachiar came to realize his romantic Manchurian bride, he found Radiant Jade living in a sumptuous palace and spending it over a household of a

dozen or more young boys who composed a sort of a male harem.

Here, also, the intrigue was as thick as French pea soup. The beautiful love-mist was also the headquarters for the secret agents of Japan, the traitorous generals of China and the White Russian exiles who were scheming to do away with the Reds to the north, in Siberia. Radiant Jade entertained them all, prying secrets from one group and selling them to another.

If love, liquor or opium were not sufficient to unlock a man's tongue and cause him to bubble out what was hidden in his innermost mind, Radiant Jade had other ways — violence, torture and even death.

In her palace, behind high walls, the tops of which were lined with broken glass to prevent spying, she had torture chambers so cunningly concealed that none but a few trusted servants knew of their existence.

In one chamber she would inflict the Death of a Thousand Edgewise, which she loved to watch. This came up by description because the details, while fascinating, are unspeakable. In another room she kept a pack of bugs, starving rats which would consume a man when he was helplessly spreadeagled upon the floor. In still another she would inflict the most painful of all tortures, a sadistic thing called simply "The Glacé."

They still talk of the time when Radiant Jade staged a show of The Glacé to a select audience of fellow spies and plotters. The occasion was a banquet given for a Manchurian warlord and his entire general staff at which the guests were plied with wine, women and opium.

On the pretense that she was going to show her guests some erotic sights in her fabulously exotic palace, she escorted them through a series of passages lined by a covered walk, and led them to a building at the far

A PRIMROSE PATH FOR THE INSPECTION OF ALL ASPIRING POLITICIANS

To make your campaign a good one
 all you need to note
 is only to kiss the babies
 who are old enough to vote.

—LAKON

end of the courtyard. In the luxurious entrance there was a group of singing girls. An orchestra of fiddles, cybal bells and experts on rickshaw drums pervaded the music. While the show was progressing, rickshaw men were dispatched all over the city to hurry back with Radiant Jade's partners in treason to watch the fun.

Meanwhile behind exquisitely carved doors great bottles of wine were being set to boil over fires held deep in the flagstone floor.

When her audience had been gathered, the doors were flung open to the accompaniment of the whistling of a great brass band. The warlord and his officers all at once witnessed the stupefaction of the fiery rice wine and the peppy flower as, seized from behind by great Manchurian servants, they were thrust toward the steaming bottles.

"Tell us the plan or else," Radiant Jade said in effect.

A few blabbed that they would talk. They were led out of the hot

room and thrust into a circle to be questioned later. But the warlord, two of his generals, three colonels and a captain were sufficiently alert.

The signal was given. The great Manchurian servants ripped the tails off the officers as though they were made of flimsy rice paper. One by one the men were led to a bottle, and one area at a time was thrust into the boiling water. As the men howled, the knob was held suspended so that after a few minutes it was nearly polished.

After both limbs had been "soaked" satisfactorily, the executioner then started to peel the skin off, beginning at the shoulder and expertly removing it, baring the raw, half-baked flesh. The skin came off, even to the tips of the fingers, as easily as a lad's long opera gloves.

The skin, warm and moist from the steaming bottles in the stuffy room, did not stick the flesh too much. To make it more humiliating, Radiant Jade had the officers led outside into the courtyard. It was mid-winter, a season that in Peking is bitterly cold. The men's arms and hands, raw and bleeding, froze almost as quickly as a fish thrown into a deep stream.

The cybal bells clanged, the drums beat, the fiddles caterwauled as the seven warriors danced a furious rip-dance in their agony. One by one they dropped, like flax with their wings pulled off, into the snow. There they were left to freeze to death under a cold and brilliant North China moon.

The next time Radiant Jade turned up it was once again in Port Arthur, city of her childhood. This time she was posing as a man, acting as aide-de-camp to a Japanese General.

Apparently the group uncovered much to their liking and satisfaction. But apparently they were unable to penetrate deeply into the workings of the Chinese military defenses.

Here Radiant Jade stepped into the breach. A cybalomancer, it was not accidental for her to pose as a prostitute. With great fidelity she was established in a house in Mukden favored by high ranking Chinese officials.

It is said that when she departed from Mukden, she had more than 20 chests of jade and gold and pearls—as well as the secrets of the high command, blabbed to her as she lay in her leisure's collective area.

A short time later, when the Japanese occupied North China, the Peking police of Radiant Jade was reappearing.

There was one startling change, however, in the mode of love there. Radiant Jade was no longer the breath-taking siren of pure Oriental beauty, but had become a General, no less. She assumed the name of Shu-ling—which means General—and had a passion for strutting around in

gaily uniforms, complete with medals, sword and cavalry boots with clanking spurs.

When Japan started to move southward, Radiant Jade turned up as a Chinese soldier behind the defenses of Shanghai. And in her role of man by day and woman by night, there is no doubt that it was Radiant Jade who won the Chinese generals into treasonable surrender of the greatest commercial city of Asia.

After the Japanese surrender, Radiant Jade was named in a small house she had taken in a war-torn section of Peking.

At last, on March 25, 1948, Radiant Jade was sentenced to die the death of a traitor by the Higher High Court.

Looking old and haggard she was led into the prison courtyard one dawn two weeks later, forced to kneel in the mud, her hands bound behind her back. A single bullet behind her left ear ended her fabulous career.



HORMONES

heal

HANGOVERS



THOSE "terrible hangers" you've seen sitting on the curb drinking themselves into an alcoholic coma, day after day, month in and month out, aren't the moral weaklings you've put them down for.

Their trouble, pure and simple, is an inadequate pituitary gland—the master gland situated at the base of

the brain which regulates the functioning of all the other endocrine or ductless glands of the body, which in turn control the chemistry and physiology of the entire organism.

This is a new and revolutionary conclusion drawn from exhaustive studies of alcoholics now being conducted at New York University-

Bellevue Medical Center, a symptom of human frailty or a disease of the glands?

HOMER SHANNON

Bellevue Medical Center. Competent authorities describe these investigations, carried out under the supervision of Dr. James J. Smith, director of the Center's research on alcoholism, as the "most far-reaching" and revealing ever made.

And Dr. Smith expressed confidence that "well within five years" a treatment will have been worked out which will make it possible for the chronic alcoholic—the hopeless case in "drink normally."

Present among the drugs which have made these stupendous results possible is ACTH—a hormone secreted into the blood stream by the pituitary gland. It was first isolated and made available for experimental purposes only a little more than two years ago.

Next in importance is cortisone, another hormone which is produced by the outer skin of the adrenal glands which are located outside the kidneys.

These two new drugs together have given dramatic results in the treatment of such hitherto baffling diseases as rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatic fever, Addison's disease, goiter, asthma and various eczemas.

Adrenal cortex extract (abbreviated as ACE by the medicals) and two new hormones are the other principal drugs used in the treatments for alcoholism evolved at N.Y.C.-Bellevue Medical Center.

Dr. Smith and his research colleagues at the Medical Center not only were fortunate in that the new drugs had only recently become available for their work. They also had a wealth of human derived material in the form of more than 2,000 alcoholics consorted to Bellevue Hospital.

Dr. Smith began his study of the problem of alcoholism with most of the preconceptions common to the medical profession today. The con-

tral dogma of this body of thinking is that it is essentially a personality problem — that the alcoholic is an emotionally immature individual who seeks to escape from the harshness of reality by drugging himself.

But the more he saw of the broken human beings consorted to Bellevue, the more Dr. Smith became convinced that there was something wrong with the body chemistry of the alcoholic—some fundamental disturbance in the functioning of the glands which regulate food utilization in the body and other subtle physiological factors.

Dr. Smith and his fellow scientists were particularly intrigued by striking similarities between symptoms of diabetes insipidus (diabetes) and the Addisonian crisis. Addison's disease was known to be caused by deterioration of the adrenal cortex in man. Further investigations revealed that the disturbances in body chemistry and physiology of the two conditions were closely parallel.

The next step was to demonstrate that both responded to the same treatment—administration of ACE or other adrenal hormones and vitamin C, an adequate supply of which is essential to the adrenals.

There followed several years of intensive study of the body chemistry of alcoholics. These were especially directed at functioning of the endocrine glands and control and specifically an interrelationship between the pituitary, adrenal and sex glands.

"In many of these studies," says Dr. Smith, "disturbances of both the adrenal and pituitary functions became evident."

It was already known that any serious impairment in the function of the adrenal glands was reflected in activity of the sex glands, which play such a vital role in regulating personality as well as the body char-

MOVIE magpies are currently waiting for Ann Sheridan and it couldn't happen to a more deserving dame doll. According to the grape-vine, her studio needed her so badly that they paid \$5,000 dollars to producer Howard Welsch for postponing a commitment on the Sheridan services. Also, for every week she worked beyond a given date, there was supposed to be a \$5,000 dollar bonus. Not bad for a girl who played small name roles and secretary bits for eight years. But it just goes to show what happens when time marches on.

(From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine.)

attention of the individual.

Up to this point all that our medical detectives had been able to establish with certainty was that dysfunction of all three sets of glands — pituitary, adrenal, sex — was involved in chronic alcoholism. A series of experiments with rats was resorted to as a means of further narrowing the quest for the responsible culprit.

It was found that alcohol stimulated adrenal activity of normal rats, but not of ones from which the pituitary gland has been removed. From this it was evident that the alcohol directly stimulated the pituitary which in turn prodded the adrenals into doing their stuff.

Having established that alcohol has an stimulating effect on the adrenal glands in the absence of the pituitary gland, a further series of tests was devised for the human guinea pigs. These were designed to show still more conclusively that it was the pituitary which was at fault.

Appropriate and extremely complicated techniques eventually resulted in proof that the adrenal glands of the alcoholics showed no

impairment of their ability to function normally. Just as invariably, other tests convincingly demonstrated abnormal activity of the pituitary gland of the alcoholics.

On the question as to whether inadequate functioning of the pituitary gland is caused by alcoholism or alcoholism is the result of a congenitally deficient pituitary, Dr. Smith and his colleagues are sure they have the answer. The sexual factors in the picture, they believe, prove beyond any possible doubt that pituitary deficiency precedes alcoholic slavery.

For one thing, careful checking of the 2,000 male patients studied at Bellevue revealed a feminine pattern of body hair. Head hair is conspicuously luxuriant and body hair negligible. Further, history of the male alcoholics revealed that only 4 to 8 per cent were bothered by acne (pimples) during adolescence, compared with between 25 and 40 per cent of the male population as a whole.

"Here again we have a characteristic display of endocrine behavior

attending alcoholism," commented Dr. Smith.

Such facts add up to deficiency in the sex glands, it is held, which goes back through the adrenals to the pituitary.

It is also significant that the most effective treatment for female patients whose alcoholism begins after normal or surgically induced menopause includes estrogen (female sex hormones) in addition to adrenal stimulants. And, similarly, with certain male patients best results are obtained when the adrenal or pituitary derivatives are supplemented with the male hormone testosterone.

In general, treatments for alcoholism thus far developed kill the patient's craving for his favorite beverage. But the goal of making it possible for the former alcoholic to drink sensibly has not yet been reached.

Before the results of the M.Y.U.-Bellevue investigations were made known, it had become increasingly evident to various other researchers that something was wrong with the metabolism of the chronic alcoholic. Yet it remained for Dr. Smith and his associates to discover the key which unlocked the door opening into the dark labyrinth of mental and physical factors responsible for alcoholism. Exploration of these passages has already made it more than clear that a lot of people — psychiatrists in particular — have been talking a lot of nonsense on the subject.

But even with the cure perfected, it will be some time before treatment is available for Tom, Dick and Harry. However, we are amazed by Dr. Smith that any practicing physician can administer the new treatment. The crux is the security of the crucial hormones — ACTH, cortisone and ACE.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 12

No sport in the world has been immune from dysentery, but baseball provided the clinic.

FRANK BROWNE



sporting history's greatest fix

THE year 1919, the first post-war year, was in all countries on the winning side a big year for sport. Men whose habitat had been the slush of France and Flanders wanted to relax.

In the States, most of them wanted to relax watching baseball. To see Home Run Karp, Ty Cobb, slap one over the fence, or watch the Chicago pitcher, Carlton, send in an unplayable curve to a bewildered batter, Babe Ruth, of course, meant nothing to the man who left Chatham Theory,

St. Mitchell and the Argonne behind them. He hadn't started the festival of sport that was to last fifteen years. No 3 uniform didn't mean anything to the New York Yankees.

The team voted most likely to succeed in winning the World Series, as baseball started in 1919, was the Chicago White Sox, as freely as aggregation of talent to be found on a diamond this side of the planet Jupiter.

There was "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, Eddie Collins, Ray Schalk and Buck

Weaver, to swing the old outfit in a way that brought in big, two-baggers, and even homers, with the regularity of a rent collector's call. There was Eddie Cicotte, Wilhelm and Kerr to make up one of the greatest pitching teams the game had seen.

The promise of the pre-season week-end was more than fulfilled as the season wore on. Through the American League breezed the invincible White Sox—one of the great teams of all time. They needed no managing. Charles Comiskey, the owner of the club, had no worries. Neither did Manager Gleason.

The World Series, the richest World's Championship, is played between the winners of the American League and the winners of the National League. In the National League, the Cincinnati Reds won, not because they were regarded as a strong team, with the exception of a pitcher named Hootch and another shiny man in one "Greasy" Nantz.

The stage was set for the big game, which in fact looked like a waste of time, because the White Sox had so much on the ball.

It was at this stage that New York gambler, Arnold Rothstein, who was within a couple of years to die at the hands of an unknown assassin, got the great idea.

All America bet on the World Series. Why not try to fix the Game, and make a clean-up?

He put his plan into operation. The White Sox boys were not hard to approach. When the smooth-talking emissaries of Rothstein went to Chicago, meetings were easily arranged.

Right men were approached. The offer was for 100,000 dollars to throw the series.

The offer was accepted. The deal was that the Chicago man should assure that the Cincinnati Reds won

the requisite five games to secure the World's Championship.

The New Yorkers went to work. In the 20th Avenue pool hall, habitués quating 5/1 sented the Reds found themselves laying bets on a big scale to cold-eyed men with plenty of ready money. As for west as Los Angeles, the flood of money poured in.

On the morning that the Series went due to open, the odds were even money. Thus, despite the fact that the Chicago White Sox would have been obvious to beat their opponents one head, losing.

The opening game slunk to high heaven. The great Cicotte, whose pitcher had been nearly impossible to hit for the best batters, all through the season, performed like a tenth-grader. He couldn't control the ball well enough to get it close enough for the batters to swing most time, and when he did serve one up in hittable range, it was a stonky-drop that the mediocre Cincinnati men hit hard in the middle of the bat.

The first game went to Cincinnati 5-1. The gamblers cleaned up plenty.

The Chicago fans, as a result of the first day's play, had nearly formed a Lynch Club.

The second game went to the Reds by 4-1.

The Rothstein Gang's take over the first two games alone was said to have amounted to well over a million dollars.

Up to this time, the gamblers had not paid over one cent of the money that had been agreed upon, to the eight players. A delegation of players waited on the mobsters.

They were treated coolly and debbed off with promises. On the third day, two of the fifty-handed boys were suited, and in went the third pitcher, but one who had the advantage of being a truer, over his two

superiors. He showed the true position, by driving the Cincinnati boys out like an angry daughter, to make the score 2-1.

The players went back to Bethlehem and put out their hands again. They were filled this time with 16,000 dollars. Their leader gave one of the most frightful exhibitions of baseball ever seen in the next game, which Chicago dropped 2-4.

So bad was it that Combsley, who up to date had turned a deaf ear to all requests, now took some action. He hired private detectives to probe the position. The next game also went to the Reds, this time by 5-0.

The position now was just another win would clinch the Championship for Cincinnati. Back went the eight ball-boys to try and get the balance of the bribe. They were turned down. Bethlehem told them that they'd get the money when the series was over.

By now, the ball-boys' chief knew the people he was dealing with. He determined to throw a scare into them.

He pitched the next game. His fast ball burned past the Reds' batter like an angry bee; his curves were as inviting and as hard to pin down as desert mirages; and his slower pitches dropped beneath the swinging bats, as he feared men after men.

Chicago won in a center. The Bethlehem boys knew something had to be done. They parted with a further 16,000 dollars.

The next day the force ended. The "ball-boys" played like zombies. Catches were dropped, runs were violated and Cincinnati presented with scores in a way that made the fans weep silent tears. The Reds had the Championship, five games to three.

The position now was that the

Bethlehem gang had cleaned up a terrific fortune and still owed the suffered baseballists 32,000 dollars.

When the men who had sold out went to collect, they found that the gentlemen disclaimed all knowledge of the deal. They had bargained themselves away, and now could not get their money.

Warfare followed. It didn't take the detectives long to discover what had happened. Step by step, the deal was taken apart.

Then the players were interviewed. The heat was put on them. They confessed to the sell-out.

The scandal very nearly ruined organized baseball. Of course, it had been the logical outcome of a game that had grown up fast, and without organized control. The World Series fixing had been an all-time low in crooked dealing but there was no doubt that the atmosphere surrounding the game was bad.

It was decided by the big League Clubs that something would have to be done. That some independent authority would need to be set up, an authority with substantial powers, who would not be swayed by personal bias, or club affiliations.

A remarkable man was wanted, and a remarkable man was available. A Kentucky Judge, an unusual man with an unusual name, Judge Kenneth Mountain Lenoir.

Lenoir moved into the game, and the bad old days were gone forever. Players who combined ability on the diamond with many of the moral characteristics of the Piedmont Son found themselves accused, then fined and suspended. Managers and clubs lined up as badly.

The gamblers were driven out of the game. Standards of conduct in the game were lifted too. Busting of rackets, which had been a popular sport with some of the league-

men discouraged with a life banishment from the game.

Lenoir had the power, and he used it.

The result was that baseball, popular as it had been before, seemed to new, unshod of heights of public favour. Out of the evil had come good.

With no experience that was only needed by their ability, the crooks and rackets departed for the Far Blue Yonder . . . no doubt fine in

the faith that they would find new pickings elsewhere. But if they did, it certainly was not in baseball. That game had become a shoo-chap for many years to come.

When baseball was bowled down, it was by sportsmen, not by sports. And, still—despite the obvious moral of the past—you were still eager to place a small bet . . . well, you were sure you weren't making a free donation to some needy non-profit.

URBAN HEIGHTS

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS



TRED PERLEY ISN'T GIVING MUCH USE OUT OF HIS NEW GARDEN FURNITURE, BECAUSE WHEN THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR LEFT FOR THEIR VACATION HE DECIDED IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT TO STORE IT IN THEIR EMPTY GARAGE AT NIGHT; AND NEXT MORNING DISCOVERED THEY HAD COME BACK AND LOCKED UP THE GARAGE.

ARE YOU A

HUMAN RADIO?



Science has come very close to proving that man's brain is a two-way wireless station.

JULIUS SAMFORD

with their sounding from on stage and over the radio—might have proved an interesting race in point, but their performances are still the subject of controversy.

However, there have been others who have been examined by scientific experts. One of the best is recorded by R. G. Soal. It concerns a Mrs. Elsie Stewart, of Surrey (England).

For his experiment, Soal used a deck of cards invented by Professor Hume. The deck consists of 35 cards, on the faces of which are printed five distinct symbols—a square, a circle, a star, a plus sign and "wavy lines." There are exactly five cards of each symbol in the deck.

The idea is that the investigator sends his subject into another room. Then he shuffles the deck, lifts off the top card and looks at it. The subject indicates on a ruled paper which of the five symbols he thinks the investigator is looking at. When he has made his guess, he taps on the table for the investigator to go on to the next card.

This experiment lasted perhaps 400 guesses have been recorded. According to the law of averages, the subject should expect to get only one correct guess in every five . . . and without telepathic powers there are no tricks of guessing by which he could exceed this average.

In other words, from 400 guesses, 80 should be correct. Yet, over a period of four years, Soal found that Mrs. Stewart was registering 133 correct guesses in every 400 . . . the odds against which being about 16,000 to one.

Still, Soal was not satisfied.

With the co-operation of the British Broadcasting Corporation, he sent Mrs. Stewart to the town of Merckham, near Antwerp, in Belgium. He himself operated at a radio transmitter either in a room in Fecchilly or in a house at Richmond.

The experiments were scheduled to begin with the 7 p.m. wireless time signal and the use of carefully synchronized stop-watches. The transmitter focused on the cards at the rate of one every three seconds.

On each of six evenings, Mrs. Stewart made 200 guesses and then mailed her result sheets to London. In the whole series of 1,200 guesses, she had made 248 correct hits; by pure chance her score should have been about 240.

Moreover, just to make things more difficult, the transmitter was once moved from the centre of London to an obscure northern suburb. Mrs. Stewart had never in her life visited the address. But there was absolutely no difference in the results.

So much for telepathy. Next, consider "clairvoyance." In "clairvoyance," no signal (or "sender") is apparently necessary. It means that you are aware of something which is not known to any other living mind without the use of the five senses.

Agnes Soal provides a fantastic case (the names have been suppressed out of consideration for the persons concerned). A girl aged 20—Soal says—was walking along a country lane reading a book on geometry. Suddenly her surroundings seemed to fade away and she saw her mother lying apparently dead in an unadorned room known as "The White Room" at her home. On the floor near the woman was a lace handkerchief. The child was terrified. Instead of racing straight home, she rushed to a doctor and brought him with her. They found the mother lying in "The White Room," stricken by a severe heart-attack. At her side was a lace handkerchief.

The case is impressive, for it is not likely that a child of 20 would make up such a story at a time of stress.

And there are others to equal it.

ARE you a human two-way radio set?

Evidence to support the theory that there are such people is steadily accumulating and the findings of such men as R. G. Soal (similar between in pure mathematics at Queen Mary College University of London), Professor J. B. Rhine (at Duke University, U.S.A.) and J. W. ("An Experiment With Three") Dunne are not to be treated lightly.

Recent experiments, using laboratory methods, have concluded more far-reaching scepticism than man possesses

some strange sixth sense that makes thought transference a distinct possibility.

For convenience, scientists have separated this "sixth sense" into three divisions—"telepathy," "clairvoyance" and "precognition."

Take telepathy first. The word was coined in 1857 by F. W. H. Myers, a famous English devoted scholar. He defined it as "a means by which one mind communicates with another mind without the aid of the usual five senses."

The much-debated Piddington—

ANIMAL ANTICS (VIII)

Hermione the Hedgehog is a most deceptive moll; you'd think she was a nation, her opinions are so stiff; she's always to all be-hap, she's not a pfferless; she's not hap to the can-see, and she never lets a rup conspicuously, she launges on and seems just half-awake (which many hurt acquaintances confess is their mistake), for Hermione's easy composure conceals a cynical mind, provoked, she's apt to sneer in a manner most unkind; she swiftly turns her barbed retorts with very pungent wit and revels when her relatives with yelps confess they're hit.

—JAY-PAY

Professor Rhine tells of a woman who was holidaying in Switzerland when she suddenly announced that her sister had just died in Chicago. Her husband immediately pointed down the track and the car in his notebook. Both proved correct to the north. Rhine's instances—among many—are cited as the work of a psychologist in Japan and a woman war worker in China.

All of which obviously leads to the third division . . . "precognition" . . . having the knowledge of an event before it happens.

The classic example is provided by J. W. Dunne himself. In his book, "An Experiment With Time," Dunne relates that in the autumn of 1912 he dreamed that he was on a high railway embankment, which he recognized as being just north of the Firth of Forth Bridge in Scotland. In his

dream, a train going north had just fallen over the embankment. Large blocks of stone were rolling down on several carriages at the bottom of the slope. Something in his dream also told Dunne that this accident was to occur the following spring.

Next morning he told his dream to his sister who remembers that he mentioned March, 1914, as the probable date.

On April 14, 1914, the "Flying Scotsman" jumped the rails 15 miles north of the Forth Bridge and fell into the sea 200 feet below.

"Coincidence," you may protest and point out that every night millions of people dream of the most appalling catastrophes that never occur. But Dunne was not so sure. He developed the habit of sleeping with a pad opened at his bedside. As soon as he opened his eyes in the morning or

woke down his first awakening thought. This, in turn, led to other thoughts which he also recorded. In the end, he assembled a spectacular collection of events which he could prove that he had known long before they happened.

He had his disappointments, of course, and some of them greater than the retired Indian Army major whom he selected as an assistant.

As however a military man, the major determined to dream what he would win the Derby. For nights he concentrated and at last he did dream of a horse.

It was a real horse and a good horse. It won consistently . . . it won everything . . . except the Derby. Muttering angrily that "there might be something in this dream stuff, but the mind didn't know its own business," the major abandoned nocturnal precognition.

But Dunne was not deterred. He continued his investigations until at last he formulated the theory that during sleep—and sometimes during waking—the subconscious mind could lift itself of the bonds of space and time and range at will, bringing back to the conscious mind events that are still to be.

And it is a theory in which many modern scientists concur. The newest scientific doctrines claim that all living things emit radiations of some particular wave length. These waves bounce away from various waves (anything between 30,000 metres and a few millimetres) down to the atmosphere, cosmic radiations which have a wave length round about 4000 of an Angstrom unit (an Angstrom unit being one-hundred millionth of a centimetre). Into all this our subconscious minds merge as one. So, though our conscious minds are aware of few isolated facts, our subconscious minds set us a single mind all-knowing and all-seeing.

Already experimental proof is growing. As early as 1929, it was noted that patients released after German transmitting stations could not pick up their bearings and flew about in futile circles. A few months after transmission ended, the patients recovered and flew to their rooms.

Even in modern medicine a battle of radiations is being fought. A number of electronic machines have been invented which diagnose by picking up the vibrations of the different organs, test the condition of the blood and so on.

Further, other types of apparatus stimulate human wills and eliminate unhealthy ones. In many countries—particularly Italy—where the Pope underwent treatment by one of these machines—these new methods are making rapid progress. Nobody can guess what the future holds.

So, you great clods of electricity, you may be happy wireless stations after all. If someone will please tell me what is electricity, I'll tell them what thought is . . . and then we'll all be stars.



Gallows Guffaw

The murderer guffawed with sadistic laughter; but soon he was laughing on the other side of his feet.



HENRY LOUIS BERTRAND laughed — merrily. As the lanterns and howled about George Street, Sydney, he murmured into the ear of his companion. She was a beautiful woman. She laughed.

At that same moment, in a nearby hospital, the woman's husband, Henry Kinder, died. A pistol shot had blown away half his liver.

The date was October 6, 1885, and Kinder had been wounded four days previously in the sitting room of his own home at St. Leonards. Present in the house at the time that the shot was fired were Kinder and his wife, and Bertrand and Mrs. Bertrand. In his occasional moments of con-

science during the four days that he layed, Kinder could have told who had fired the fatal shot, but he would not do so. All that he would say was "I didn't shoot myself."

The two women could not point to the murderer, for they were in another room at the time. Rushing into the sitting room after the pistol had blasted the guest of the house, they found Bertrand staring at Kinder with horror in his eyes. Kinder sat on a chair. A pistol was on the floor, apparently dropped from his right hand. The side of his face was blown away, and (gracious lord!) his pipe was clutched firmly between his teeth.

Within a short time of the shooting, Dr. Ebbels arrived to find the victim alive, but unconscious. Bertrand said that Kinder had been drinking heavily that he had been worried over money, and that, having looked at some letters, he had snatched up the pistol and shot himself.

"Yes, it is my pistol," Bertrand admitted. "I had been showing it to him and had left it on the table."

Bertrand persuaded the doctor to keep the matter quiet for two days before notifying the police, and the police, too, accepted his story without comment. When the Coroner brought in a verdict of suicide while temperately of unimpaired mind, Bertrand laughed with satirical contempt.

There was reason for Bertrand's laconic six months earlier, Mrs. Kinder had visited him—as a dentist. He was sympathetic and attentive.

Two major obstacles stood in the way of realization of Bertrand's hopes.

Mr. Kinder and Mrs. Bertrand. He cultivated a close working relationship between the two couples, and he courted the lady ardently. She visited his rooms frequently and once stayed with him for a week.

However, Bertrand soon suspected that he had a dangerous rival—a man named Jackson—for the lady's extraordinary favor. He bought off the suspicious Jackson by paying his fare to New Zealand. With the field clear to himself, Bertrand laughed with his lady when Kinder died, and he laughed at the Coroner's verdict.

But the laugh was soon to be wiped from his face.

Shortly after the inquest, Bertrand received a letter. It suggested that the police might be interested in learning of Bertrand's relations with Mrs. Kinder. Only denials could save the author's conscience. The ship "Tharra" was leaving shortly for New Zealand, and the writer would be

died to board it—if he had \$200 in his pocket.

The letter came from Maryland; the writer was Jackson, he had double-crossed the doctor. After the first spasm of fear, Bertrand laughed once more, he could afford to laugh at a two-bit blackmailer who asked only \$200 for a murder. Bertrand went to the police, and Jackson got 12 months for blackmail. Bertrand laughed, long and uproariously, the law was truly an ass.

Mrs. Bertrand was now the only barrier to the dentist's dreams. He did not resort to murder to dispose of her; he tried to catch her in adultery, or, rather, to invent evidence of such, for he had no grounds for believing her guilty of such conduct. His scheme failed, for Mrs. Bertrand was most conspicuous in her behavior, and no suggestion of even doubtful conduct could be levelled against her.

If Bertrand laughed at all at this stage, it was viciously. He instituted a campaign of nerves by bringing his sister into the home; through her he hoped to influence his wife. He boasted to her that he had killed Kinder and had got away with it, but the sister, instead of crediting this to the wife, withdrew in tears from the Bertrand household.

With this avenue closed, Bertrand turned on his wife, demanding divorce. She refused. He then told her that he had killed Kinder and threatened her with the same fate. He mislaid the spirit of his lady; she went to the authorities and claimed police protection. Bertrand, haled before the court, was bound over to keep the peace towards his wife. When he was unable to find work to his hand, he was committed to prison for 14 days.

While the dentist was in jail, the police followed up some vague hints

NO wonder it's complained. If you examine a piece of skin, the size of a postage stamp, under a microscope, you will find about 3,000,000 cells, a yard of blood vessels, four yards of nerves, about 100 sweat glands, about 15 oil glands, an average of ten hairs, 10 nerve endings for sense of touch, two nerve endings for feeling cold and 12 for feeling heat. But don't ask us what body figure are.

in Mrs. Bertrand's statement. Their quarrel resulted in the dentist being charged with the murder of Kinder before his fingerprints in prison was completed. Again Bertrand laughed, this time sarcastically. The law had nothing on him; it had to prove him guilty.

In court the prisoner's confidence received a jolt when his assistant, Burns, was placed in the witness box.

In August Burns had joined Bertrand in a midnight trip across the Harbor. The dentist had wanted to get a letter from Kinder's chest of drawers—presumably one from Jackson to Mrs. Kinder which Bertrand intended used to justify the suicide theory at a later date. This trip was abandoned because of the strong moonlight, and another expedition was made three nights later.

"Don't be surprised in the morning if you hear that Kinder has committed suicide," Bertrand had said as they rowed through the dark over the Harbor. "He will have some letters from Jackson in his hand."

On this occasion, Bertrand, after waking off his boat, had entered the house at 1 a.m. and had returned some time later. On another trip, the following week, he took a bathtub with him, threatening to both Kinder's brains out for some alleged snuff.

Mrs. Kinder's brother was in the house that night, however, so the dentist had crept back to his apartment.

On the last of these curious nocturnal trips, Bertrand had carried something to the extreme. He wore a red shirt—so that the blood stains would not show on it, he explained to Burns. He also carried a steel helmet to protect his own head. He was a careful man was Bertrand.

More derogating to Bertrand's character, if not to his case, was his statement to Burns the day after Kinder was shot. The dentist had laughed at the humor he saw in it.

"I told him the pistol wasn't loaded, and the fool believed me," he gloated. "I put him up to throwing a scare into the ladies by pretending to shoot himself, and he did it."

This, however, was at variance with the professional testimony of Dr. Alloway who held a post-mortem on the advanced body in December. He had found that the measurable parts of the lower jaw had been shattered—an item not revealed by Dr. Kohler at the inquest—and that the injury could not have been self-inflicted.

Chief Justice, Sir Alfred Stephen, kept the jury in close custody, refusing to allow them to separate for three days and nights, before he finally agreed to accept their plea of a disagreement.

Bertrand laughed suddenly and faced a new trial a few days later with boldness and elasticity. This time the judge stated his confidence; he was "exceedingly reckless, a fiend, a monster in human shape, but not absolutely sane."

The second jury agreed with some

of his Honor's remarks; they found the prisoner guilty of murder. Even this finding did not exonerate Bertrand's warped sense of humor; he laughed contemptuously as the death sentence was passed. He restrained his solicitor to find a legal loophole that would save his neck.

There was no Court of Criminal Appeal in those days, but the point was argued before four judges. Bertrand was a majority order for a new trial. Against this order the Crown appealed to the Privy Council. He insisted that Bertrand laughed derisively, it looked as if the addition of two law might save his neck.

In July, 1911, the Privy Council

upheld the Crown's contention against a new trial. It ordered that the verdict of guilty stand, and it affirmed the sentence of death against Bertrand. But Solicitors' statement had saved a vagabond, trifling sense of doubt; the Privy Council suggested that the case was one where leniency might be extended.

So, with the sentence of death commuted to life imprisonment, Bertrand laughed intensely at the law which gave him life, although the last three years of his sentence were to be served in the raging embrace of ruin, in face of the soft arms of a woman, passion for whom had lured him to his crime.



CAVALCADE, February, 1951

THE END OF Arguments



Does the ostrich bury its head in the sand?

Now don't all rush at once—because the answer's "No!" The myth that the ostrich buries its head in the sand and therefore it cannot be seen because it cannot see is entirely without foundation. Yet, in one form or another, the fable dates back over at least 2,000 years. The mistake probably arose from two habits of the species. In the first place, the ostrich pokes its long neck into holes in search of water; in the second place, the ostrich rests itself by sitting down on its folded legs with the head and neck stretched close to the ground. While in this posture, the stubborn bird is not easily identified from a distance.

How did the word "fun" originate?

"Fun"—in the sense of an exhilaration for sport, revelry, games, dancing or any other amusement or recreation—is modern and believed to be a contraction of "funsies." The word apparently came into general use between 1880 and 1900. The current version is that Chris Van der Aalst, owner of the St. Louis Browns baseball team (U.S.), stated that Charles Fleet was the greatest baseball "funsie" he had ever seen. Newspapers and sports-writers took up the word and began to call baseball enthusiasts "funsies." Then the head-line writers copied on the phrase and

reduced it to "fun." Before long, it had ceased to be applied exclusively to baseball and was in general use.

What famous fortune was founded on the humble sausage?

The Well fortune. Thomas Wall was born in 1841 in Jermyn Street, London, and was one of the famous social reformers of his age. His grandfather, Richard Wall, had been "Pork-in-Ordinary" to William IV, but when Thomas took over the small family pork butcher's shop, sausages were not a common dish. Not to be deterred, Thomas supplied sausages every week to Queen Victoria, and these popularly spread from "high society" throughout the nation.

And in 1916 Lord Chichebrooke unveiled a tablet at the birth-place of the man who made them.

How often does the year contain 52 Sundays?

According to the Gregorian calendar, every year has 52 of the day on which it begins. Generally speaking, the year contains 52 Sundays every five or six years. In any continuous series of 52 years, five have 53 Sundays, unless the series includes a year whose calendar ends in two ephors without its being a leap year (e.g. 1790, 1840 and 1900).

When leap year begins on Saturday two of the six-year periods fall in succession.



they'll bowl you down

Now . . . you aged Spofforths — or Steele Rudd would say — stand back! There's a New Look about the ancient and honourable game of Bowls.

And if you aren't quivering on your crutches, then it's too late, sir, it's too late! So bound out of your wheel-chairs . . . you may get close to the kiddy. And — by the way — your assistants on the green will be Beverley Hills lovelies, Wanda Barbour and Barbara Ruff.



Well, the game's on . . . and Wanda has the lead ball. Whether or not she does curve down some curley ones, she'll still lay 'em flat in the aisles . . . for our money, anyway. For the moment Barbara is content to look on . . . which is OK with us . . . we're looking on Barbara.



But what's this . . . stymied? . . . all Wanda has to do is figure how to get Barbara's ball out of the way . . . well, it's her problem and we don't care how long she takes to solve it. Anyway, what's bowls? If they modelled the hoops on Barbara, we'd settle for Enquist any day.

can man live forever?

HERBERT THOMPSON



IMMORTALITY isn't here on this earth in no longer a fantastic dream.

Death caused by germ diseases is all but wiped out. Degenerative disease—heart and circulatory ailments, cancer, kidney disease, diabetes are now the main killers. Complete eradication in the next generation of contagious or communicable diseases is a certainty, according to top medical authority. After that it is only

a matter of discovering the key to why we get old. Latest medical opinion is that it doesn't have to happen. Some say that we get old because of those little brain-germs, viruses. Down through the centuries these little brick-builders have weakened the power of the human organism to reproduce itself.

Since we now have sure cures for almost all of the germ and virus diseases, there are many keen medi-

cal scientists who believe that the human body may prove to be far more durable than the history of the race might suggest.

But what about surviving old age itself? Is old age necessary? First let's take a quick look at what has happened in the last few decades in this matter of the lengthening life span.

In the last half century more than 10 years have been added to the life of Americans. Sure, that's a statistic. It's also 10 years for every man, woman and child in this country. In 1900 average age of Americans at death was a little less than 50. Today it is a little less than 70. This increases with average length of human life in the middle ages of 45 years. At the time Caesar ruled the world it was a mere 24.

Even more significant than this sudden increase in the number of years allotted to man is the change that has occurred as to the causes of death. Some revealing facts set out in tables compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company include: Suggest killer in 1900 was tuberculosis. Pneumonia was next. Infections of the bowels came third. Heart disease was fourth.

Today heart disease is so far ahead of all other causes of death that it outstrikes all infectious diseases combined. Cancer, cerebral hemorrhage and accidents, in that order, are the other biggest killers. Kidney disease is the fifth most important cause of death today.

Pneumonia, influenza and tuberculosis are the only infectious diseases in the first 10 causes of death today, with pneumonia and influenza in sixth place in the table and tuberculosis in seventh place.

The American Cancer Society is so proud in believing that the cancer death rate could be cut at least one-

third by early detection and treatment of the malignant growth.

The new antibiotics and sulfonamide drugs are far more potent tools in treating pneumonia and influenza than anything which was available 10 to 15 years ago. But the best way to escape these still dangerous diseases is to avoid the common cold and give it proper care if you catch one.

Despite the great halloo for a short time back about new cold cures, most responsible medical authorities still insist that the only cure for a cold is adequate rest and a liquid diet.

Diagnosing toward elimination of tuberculosis has been so rapid and steady that the National Tuberculosis Association is of the opinion that this feared scourge will be completely wiped out in a generation. Warning signals include fever, especially a regular rise in temperature in the afternoon, persistent cough, spitting blood and that tired feeling.

Diagnosis is comparatively simple and dependable. A chest X-ray and microscopic examination of sputum are infallible tests when properly performed.

One of the most dramatic of the medical warfare stories of the last generation has been in the control and treatment of diabetes, which is caused by inability of the body to make proper utilization of sugar. With the discovery of insulin in 1922 it became possible to convert this body deficiency. Before then the diabetic was almost certainly condemned to an early death.

It is too soon to say that death itself will ever be eliminated as a cause for human fear. But so much progress has been made in that direction in the last decade that it no longer seems incredible.

Crime Capsules



LADIES' MAN.—Dr. Robert Clement, of fashionable Southport, England, was handsome, debonair and brilliant. He was distinctly "a woman's doctor" and also a real ladies' man. As a matter of fact, he flourished his first practice by marrying. His wife had £20 of her fortune left when she died . . . suddenly and mysteriously. Dr. Clement's next two wives had somewhat similar fates—they lived as long as they could pay their way. His fourth wife, however, was a disappointment. She turned out to be a snorer. The Doctor was now 60 and had no time to waste. If he were to enjoy his fourth wife's money, he had to hurry. He fed her a first poison—too fast, as it happened, for the police became alarmed. They were on the doorstep when the Doctor administered his final dose of poison to himself.

SUGAR SLAUGHTER.—According to U.S. prison authorities, experiments have suggested that sugar deficiency in diet has something to do with crime . . . in other words, failure to finish that all-day sucker may some day cause you to wake up and discover that you are a killer. The story of Robert Bailey, of California, may not prove the theory but it gives a grotesque twist. Bailey, Irish hiker, persuaded two young women to give him a lift in their car. Killing both

the girls and hiding their bodies in a deserted paddock, he absconded with the car. Police had hardly a clue until they questioned a roadside soft drink stand proprietor, who remembered a nervous motorist who had not finished his soda pop. On the half-finished bottle, police found Bailey's finger prints. They checked with a set in police records; Bailey learned.

BRIGHTEST PUPIL.—Not long ago in U.S., the Woodbury (Connecticut) Savings Bank was used as the scene of a film arranged by State Police to show how a bank robbery could be pulled in a matter of minutes. A month or so later, two robbers wearing rubber masks attached to tortoiseshell glasses held up the bank and escaped with about 14,000 and 12,000 dollars. Rewatched of the film, Police Chief Cantano muttered nastily: "Let's not go into that."

SHADOWED.—In the silk-making city of Nagano (Japan), a blind man dragged his blind wife, and their household possessions and used the proceeds to elope with a blind seamstress. At first of visiting Nagano police confirm that they are up a blind alley. They don't know the husband; his wife can't describe him, and the only code he left behind him was a farewell note-on Banlie.

☆ Opp — Study by John Hoerder



A CRIME at SAINT CLOUD

A baby girl had been stolen by gypsies; a sorrowing man had grown old and bitter, something happened while she creeps
wounded to the fair that splashed blood on the gypsy tents.



HENRI LAVENDAN (Translated from the French by JACK PEARSON)

IT happened at a fair at Saint-Cloud . . .

"Hush! Hush!" yelled the Strong Man (a bone-headed mountebank who shuffled drowsily about as if he were worn out by his own strength). "This is it . . . the best show on the grounds! . . . specially designed for amateur athletes . . . the only show of its kind on earth . . . featuring the

celebrated little contortionist and muscle-dancer . . . lovely little Irma . . .

she's only 11 years old, but she's already appeared before the Queen of England and more noble princes than I can remember."

At the same time, he bowed into the air a little girl who turned a double-somersault before he caught her again by her feet.



On my right stood an old man of about 60 who was standing tip-toe to give even the shoulder of an industry prince.

The huge mountebank lowered the child slowly to the ground and asked her if she liked around her.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," he chuckled exultantly.

The rule pivoted with a lightning turn of her head. In a husky,

cracked voice that was neither a child's nor a full-grown girl's, she replied indignantly: "No! . . . Not likely . . . No-likely!"

The mob of spectators began to yelp with laughter . . . but only for an instant. Without warning, the Strong Man toppled feebly into the dust and lay unconscious there, with his spread-eagled arms flung wide. Where the mountebank had towered in the

They met in the theatre foyer, radiant with charm, they beamed in each other's faces with no hint of alarm. "My dear-mum!", the first one murmured. "My dear-a-a-ah!", the other said; then they bent to exchange kisses with a graceful bob of the head. They made a glorious picture and no one understands why they should both resemble two boxes shaking hands.

—JAY-PAY

noise of the heels was cracked as old man Little drabbled his blood trickled from a bayonet he was grasping in his black-gloved hand. It was the old man.

Like a streak of lightning, he must have snatched the soldier's breast from its sheath; leaped forward like a yachtsman and stabbed the Strang Men between the ribs.

A death-rattle parted chokingly in the fallen guest's throat and a score of spectators twisted themselves upon his smothered. Without any attempt at opposition, the old man shoved himself to be dismissed and, almost at the same moment, two police constables struggled through the crowd and hauled the old fellow away.

Next day the newspapers were full of it. The accused, it seemed, was very rich. His name was Mitchell.

And when he was questioned, he refused point-blank to reveal the motive for the crime.

All he said was that he would reserve his defence until the trial.

So, on the day of the trial, the court was packed to the doors. At last, Mitchell entered the dock. This is more or less what he said.

"The one thing I treasure in this world was my only daughter. I had reared her from a baby myself, for her mother had died giving birth to her. But then, one day—God knows how—a wandering band of gypsy jugglers kidnapped her. She was only 11 months old at the time. I scoured the district . . . I searched everywhere for her . . . yet I couldn't find even a clue. But I refused to be beaten. I kept on searching until almost all my money was spent. And still I went on searching. You followed year. Time seemed to be building a wall between my daughter and myself . . . boundless distances seemed to separate us.

"In the end, I had to force myself to believe that my daughter had died.

"It was all over . . . I didn't have a daughter anymore. I didn't have anything . . . for a second time I was a widower . . . and an orphan as well.

"And then, gentlemen of the jury, then I was seized by a strange sickness . . . a sickness which I couldn't shake off . . . which, slowly but surely, step by step, drew me relentlessly into crime and placed me where I never thought I would see myself . . . in a jail bird's pen.

"The very day that I gave up all hope of ever finding my daughter again . . . the day on which I vowed myself to treat her just as if she was dead . . . that very day I was caught by some mysterious wanderer, but which set me wandering everywhere. I thought she might possibly be found.

"I knew a workman's life . . . as free-lance as the gypsies who had stolen my darling.

"There wasn't a country show or a fair that I missed visiting. I went

everywhere . . . I didn't even miss a small town carnival.

"Do you know why? It was to see all the children who were performing in the sawdusts. Boys or girls . . . I didn't matter . . . it was all the same to me. I became a fanatical fan of hers. I was determined to tell the little moonbeams and I poured out my affection as them with ardently and unobediently. That revealed me of that other little girl . . . my little daughter. She told me that; I used to tell myself.

But gradually—though I did not know my loneliness for the children—another little emotion began to gnaw at my heart. It was jealousy. When I looked at the pretty sawdust women, gazing on the steps of their gypsies and fondling a baby in their arms, I had to clench my fists to prevent myself from attacking them.

"The words 'father' and 'mother' made my eyes flash with hatred. Finally I visited my grief completely and even made excuses for the stranger who had stolen my child.

"Perhaps they were people without any children themselves. I used to tell myself. And I thought that, if I had been in their place, I would have done just the same as they did.

"I grew more and more bitter with jealousy . . . And it flared up in one unquenchable outbreak on the day at Saint-Cloud.

At Saint-Cloud, I was drawn irresistibly towards a man who had collected a circle of people around him. A little girl . . . she seemed about nine or ten years old . . . was performing her tricks for him.

"She fascinated me. To me, she was everything that my little girl would have been at her age . . . the same hair . . . the same eyes . . . even the same slinky, little body.

"The illusion was so strong that I heard myself murmuring that she really was my daughter. In my heart

of course, I knew that my imagination was playing tricks with me . . . but I couldn't prevent myself from toying with the idea.

"A cold shower ran down my spine . . . and my nerves tingled with a feeling which I cannot describe. I was just going to rush towards the little girl with open arms when the host beside her asked her for a kiss.

"She opened her mouth . . . her childish lips parted . . . and she spat out a spurt of obscenity.

"Immediately she flushed before my eyes a vivid picture of my own daughter . . . discoloured . . . searced by this unrepentable gaiter-snipe.

"I saw red. To the right of me, a soldier was standing. Unconsciously, my hand clutched at the hilt of his bayonet.

"I didn't know until the next day that I had killed anybody. That is my crime.

"I had slaughtered an innocent man . . . a man whom I had never seen before and who had never seen me. Why? . . . who? . . . Because—for only five minutes—he had been the man who had kidnapped my daughter.

"I don't know if any of you blame me for what I have done . . . I am ready to pay my penalty . . . I can only ask those who have children themselves to pity me."

The jury withdrew. Only five minutes later they returned . . . to announce a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty."

And what happened afterwards? Mr. Mitchell has shut himself up in his house and lives like a hermit. He never steps outside his front-door. He is afraid that, if he does, he will commit a greater crime once again.

Her hands were firmly planted on him and she pushed him backward down the cliff with all her strength.

FATAL DECISION

GULLS screamed in protest and fell into the sky as George and Esther Pollock scrambled over the rocks toward the edge of the headland. Two hundred feet below the sea swept savagely at the base of the cliff, throwing spray high in the air as it withdrew for another onslaught.

George Pollock was a short, chubby man with small eyes, balding nose and thin lips. His wife, Esther, was taller than he, slender but full boned. Her face was ruddy and there was a suggestion of a carnival goot on her mouth.

He was panting as he struggled over

the slippery ground, left crooked and scorched by wind and sea. His cry at the ease with which his wife, who was several years his junior, was able to pick her way nimbly along, gave rise to a burst of malicious rage. "Can't you walk a little slower?" he roared. His voice was vehement and resolute. "Show some consideration for me, or is that where too much?"

He paused to get his breath.

"I'm not as young as I used to be," he added, solemnly.

Many years ago Esther would have made a sarcastic reply, but experience had shown her that retaliation to her

stupid tongue did nothing; but sharper his vicious temper. So her words only increased his wrath.

They had been married five years and she counted him of them amongst the most miserable she had known in a life that had been pecked with misfortune. Left fatherless at six years of age, her mother had remarried to a man who had treated Esther with unrelenting brutality.

Pollock's step-father had arranged her marriage to a business acquaintance of his friend, George Pollock, and she had resented so protest, so overblown had her spirit been broken, although she had gone to her

husband with very little relief.

For the first year George had treated her with consideration, but then he had developed the same cruel and horrid habits as her step-father.

Esther tried to assert herself for a time, but her husband had crushed her will; she became again cowed and wretched. She would have run away from home she had toyed with the idea time and time again; but she had nowhere to go. Her mother had died while she was still attending school and she had no friends of her own. George had seen to that.

Although George was quite wealthy, he made her a thoroughly miserable



THEir first meeting was the reason of their death.

BELEIVE it or not, little men are flying little planes that aren't there. To cut a long story short, theoreticians expect one now flying (theoretical planes at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. These years' work by more than 80 engineers has produced a machine to "test-flight" planes before they are built. With a sensitive calculator, the engineers will be able to set up an electrical model of any aircraft which is in an advanced stage of design. Then they use an actual outplot to fly the non-existent craft. The outplot solves the same problems as it would in actual flight if the plane were really built.

and spent so much money on his hobby, photography, as he did on her.

When they reached the fat lodge that formed the edge of the headland, George sat down to rest on a stool of reek, gazing for hours and whistling like a blower saw cutting through hardwood.

Katherine turned to look at him, contempt quaking her lips.

"Why couldn't you have helped me carry some of this equipment?" he asked, when he found sufficient breath to speak.

"You know you won't let me touch your precious camera," she replied faintly.

"Always able to find some excuse, aren't you?" he growled. "You could have carried something else."

She ignored his personal complaints, knowing full well that any offer of assistance would have been curtly refused.

George had set his tripod on the ground and was unloading his camera from its case, examining it lovingly as he did so.

"Now to take that picture," he said, his remark addressed to the camera in a refined voice, like a lover's seductive whisper.

Elder's eyes narrowed and glowed with anger. The hands that played

her so brutally forced the camera's black object with tender care. She had long since given pride of place to George's affection in it, but today some of the old rancor returned. The sudden change in his manner, when turning his attention from her to it, had landed on old flames of enmity.

Her hands twitched as she longed to grab the camera and hurl it over the cliff, but she knew that to do this would be tantamount to killing a lion cub in its mother's presence.

George stood and looked intently into the distance. As far as the eye could see yellow beaches, edged with swatches of white sand, marked between rugged promontories which lay couchant in the sea. He breathed deeply.

"This view will make a magnificent photo," he exclaimed, placing his eye instinctively to the sights of the camera.

Elder stared down at the sea, which was arching its back in greater fury at the heady snatch of coast that defied its attack. She was still trifling sly with the idea of destroying the camera. The jagged rocks below would smash it to splinters and the breaking waves soon complete the job of annihilation, she thought.

From the corner of her eyes she



"I knowed something was gittin' Pa down as I called the Doc . . . he said it was the gall of gravelly."

saw her husband, now busily engaged in affixing the object of her momentary to the tripod. The felt her imagination had assigned to it she now transferred to her husband.

If only he would fall over the edge of the cliff, she thought. The idea started a chain of fancies and she felt a cold shiver run down her spine at the gruesome specters which were tumbling through her mind.

Rather looking back. The white pads of the safety fence stood like sentinels, separating the stretch of scrappy ground they had just traversed, from the road, which disappeared sharply over the hill and only the cloud spotted sky remained.

A plan was shaping itself in her mind—George was always having giddy turns if he was helped over the face of the cliff, his disappearance would be easy to explain—if the matter were carefully handled.

She turned to her husband who was now jockeying his apparatus into a position to make the exposure.

"This is a hard photo to take," he said, his voice again soft but now thoughtful. "It needs something more than just the view to make it complete—someone standing in the foreground, for instance. Perhaps if you stand over there," pointing to the cliff edge, "it would make far better composition."

"Don't you think it would be better if you were to be in the picture?" she asked. "It is none of a man's scene from a woman's." She could see no logic in this assertion, but it seemed to appeal to George. He agreed.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "But who is going to operate the camera? I couldn't trust you to do it." Some of the old audacity crept into his voice once more.

"If you get it all ready for me, all I shall have to do is get off the shutter, my dear," she said, with a strange tenderness in her voice. Now she had decided on her husband's does she began to feel quite calm.

unconsciously smoothed hair and added the final adjustment with the view the camera pointing a last request for a condemned prisoner.

George nodded approval with the air of a saintly overlooking his personal interests for the good of his chosen cause.

She stumbled with suppressed excitement and dared as he explained the workings of the camera to her, busily listening to the instructions she knew she would never put into effect.

He moved to a position in front of her, his face turned to the sea, and she made a pretence of looking over his right.

"I shall have to move further down," she said. "I can't see the corner of you."

"I'm nearly on the edge of the cliff as it is," he said, moving as far forward as possible.

"That will do," she said.

She glanced over her shoulder to see the sky cut a straight line

across the road leading to the headland, no one was in sight.

The scene was all set for the crime that she had longed to commit so often but had never had the opportunity or courage to execute.

Except for his hands—"they may grab me," she told herself. Aloud she said, "Your hands look out of place, dear. Put them in your pockets."

He surveyed them doubtfully for a moment debating with himself the wisdom of her observation, then gratefully did as she had suggested.

Everything was ready as she had planned. She tensed her muscles, took a deep breath and ran at him. Four quick paces brought her to where he was standing. He around her head to look, but it was too late. Her hands were firmly planted on his back and she pushed with all her strength.

George lost his balance and disappeared over the edge of the precipice with a hoarse cry. She



**A MILD MENTION OF THE
PENALTIES OF
MAGAZINE PUBLISHING**

There once was an ever-
wrought editor
who rounded a body con-
tributor,
the judge and the jury
condemned him with fury
so he now edits Mel's Steel
Register.

—McKEWAN

watched with terrified fascination as the body hurtled down and thudded on the rocks beneath, to be walked into a heaving, broken wave a few seconds later.

She turned to the center, seized it in both hands, and hurled it to join its owner in the sea below.

The body was no longer visible; the sea had disgorged it away, carries far families of fishes.

Her frenzy began to abate, like a drug that is losing its effect.

I must go to the palace, she thought, and tell them George had a ghastly turn and fell over the cliff before I could help him.

She was almost now and turned to carry out the rest of her scheme like took one step and stopped with a gasp, her face clouded in horror.

Standing in the middle of the road, just where it disappeared over the hill, was a man.

The man was staring straight at her, not moving, as if rendered motionless by the ghastly thing he had just witnessed. The more she tried

to reason it out, the more convinced she had been observed.

She imagined herself in a crowded courtroom awaiting the verdict.

She was shaking now—with frustration, her plan—that had seemed so foolproof—had gone wrong.

The man was still standing in the middle of the road, leaning lightly on his cane. She wanted to escape from his cold, placid presence. She turned away to the sea.

She knew there was no chance of escape, she realized the best she could hope for was a sentence of life imprisonment. She avoided the thought of the forbidding walls of a jail and the miserable existence of the inmates.

Hysteria was consuming her and suddenly she knew what she must do. She covered her eyes with her hand and ran forward. The ground thudded against her feet for a few paces and then there was nothing. Her body crashed on the jagged rocks and the waves had just washed clean of George's blood.

The man standing on the road did not move. The wind moaned about him as if howling the tragedy.

Presently, a woman came hurrying over the hill and pinned the man; she was drinking a small dog under her arm.

"I caught the pup," she said. "He gave me quite a chase amongst the bushes. It is the last time I shall bring him out without a lead."

The man smiled.

"I heard the strongest noise whilst you were away," he said.

"Just the gulls," she answered. "They are very noisy to-day."

"And, John," she continued, "you should not have walked about on your own. You must not move, so near the cliffs, without me."

She linked her arm through his and led the blithering man over the crest of the hill.



"But for the stomach, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the farmyard boss."

In Vino Veritas

By Gibson

You know how it is. You're looking for Alcoholic Anonymous — to resign. And you take in one to starch you up for the ordeal, and brother, do you get mangled?

And to avoid the horror suddenly, recollect you wash away and make yourself conscious enough to drink, but the result is only tempo-

Well, it's happened to better men, and they've always said that headache powders were good. By the way, on your tongue it looks as if that powder would be better.

Maybe you don't have to dispense self-help. A kind friend may offer you a poached egg in a glass of milk, this being the nearest he can get from remedy to a poaching oyster.

Whoo-man! This is where you come in, five gets you can you knock up like this. Hic!

The good old beer of the dog is the only real thing, after all. So back to feed the hand that bit you.



STRANGER

and Stranger



MOSQUITOES have an eye for color. So, if you want to be a juicy dinner for Mrs. Mosquito and her clan, wear black, blue or red. On the other hand, white and yellow are the colors which mosquitoes like the least. In Oregon, men, wearing shirts of seven different colors acted as bait for the insects. During one half-minute test, 1448 mosquitoes of two species were attracted to a black shirt in contrast to only 228 on a white shirt.

A **JAPANESE-SIZED ELECTRIC BRAIN** has been developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is an electronic computing machine. The new machine presents the answers to its problems in graphs on a television screen. Each solution is completed in one hundredth of a second.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, before it changed from a monarchy to a republic in 1912, permitted "Jing" (Jing) Buddhist gods to "practice divinity" if they obtained a license from the Colonial Office in Peking. In that year there were 141 of these men, "working miracles" and blessing people in Tibet, Mongolia and North China. When he was given his permit, each "god" was always made to understand that, if he misbehaved, his license would be revoked and he would forever be denied the right to be reincarnated.

AN AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORY, first featured by Packard in 1922, was a gun that ejected ammuno about eight feet. Its purpose was to discourage dogs from chasing cars and taking ride at the tires, which at those days were so thin and moved so slowly that they were in danger of being punctured by playful pooches.

MIDDLE EAST PILOTS have to keep a wary eye open for background badlife. One of the most vicious attacks occurred not long ago near Allahabad, in India. Seeing a plane approaching at low altitude, a pair of eagles decided "to kill" it. One of the birds flew, with all its energy, at the propeller, the other climbed to 15,000 feet, dived and crashed through one of the plane's wings, making a large hole. When the plane had limped to the nearest "drome, the eagles were scamped from the base-lugs. Another fatality was reported from England when a hawk crashed into a plane, stunned the pilot and caused a crash.

MORE THAN 100,000 Negro Jews live in the United States, at least 10,000 in New York. And—believe it or not—most of them are as well skilled in the food-laws of their religion that they are employed as "kosher" cooks by orthodox Jewish families who follow the old traditions.

YOU NAME IT - WE HAVE IT!





So your ever-loving little sorrow-and-strife has come to the end of her tether (no puns, please) and she's walking out on you . . . right into the blue, or at least as far as Mother's. Well, don't panic . . . there's a right way and a wrong way to go about these things . . . who knows, with a spot of subtlety you may even persuade the wench not to wander?

HOW TO HOLD YOUR WIFE



Don't rush her. Show her you have her interests at heart (the way of proving which is, of course, to help her with the house-work, please, don't try to demonstrate your domesticity by making Atomic cocktails - you'll do it at the risk of wife and limb . . . So like the couple next door lease 'em! After all, actions sometimes do speak louder than alcohol . . . especially with a carpet-sweeper or dry-mop





See, what did we tell you? She's started to stay already — and she's in a playful mood again — if you can judge by her smile. You've still got a happy home — so be cheerful about it — even if she does insist on clipping out an ad. that has tomorrow's entries on the reverse side.

pointers to BETTER HEALTH



TOOTH BEAT CYCLES . . .

If your teeth haven't been developing any more (and they likely, or if they are wearing faster than you think), you, too, don't be in too much of a hurry to give credit or blame to your favorite brand of tooth paste. Truth is that teeth seem to have periodic growth cycles. In resistance to decay, for example, one month or a year, a tooth can become decayed at all, then follows a period when cavities form rapidly. If it makes up for lost time. And this is nothing you can do about it, according to Iowa State University dental researchers.

INTERNAL SURGERY . . .

When an over-acting thyroid gland is killing a patient by making his heart race and other toxic effects, two principal methods of cure are available: (1) removal of portion of the gland by surgery, or (2) use of drugs to depress the gland. Radioactive iodine is one of the drugs used in the latter case, but a better drug has recently been tested. This is known as "thionine 212" which—like

the active iodine—is prepared in a chemical break pile. Its advantages are that it is not much absorbed locally (it tends to control) (a) can thus be stronger in likelihood to radioactive iodine and (b) of less penetration power so that its rays may be concentrated more directly and effec-

tively on neck thyroid tissue.

BATTLE AGAINST BO. . .

A tablet containing specially prepared forms of chlorophyll has proved very effective against B.O. and halitosis . . . body and oral odors. Chlorophyll is the green pigment in plants which converts energy from the sun into substances which sustain life. Tests have been made on 80 New York citizens, each of whom swallowed a chlorophyll tablet a day, usually early in the morning. Nine out of ten reported a marked decrease in body and mouth odors . . . in some cases up to 500 per cent.

NEW MINDS . . .

A chemical synthesizer for old and aging minds has been found in an enzyme called cytochrome C. Elderly men and women whose forgetfulness, confusion, irritability and lack of interest in their surroundings have made it necessary to put them into institutions for mental disease or for the aged have their minds so cleared by the enzyme that they can live normal lives outside the institution. The chemical is extracted from horse and beef hearts and is injected into patients' veins.

The enzyme has been tested with most satisfactory results in several United States hospitals and specialists are forecasting its general use.

THE LAST VOYAGE

of the "JENNY"



The schooner returned with a cargo of tragedy from The Port of No Return; but she was an exception.

GERALD AITCHISON

WHEN Captain John Myron stood by the wheel of his schooner "Jenny" as she sailed from the harbor of Lima, Peru, in October, 1923, he little knew that he was embarking on what was to be the longest voyage in history . . . and his last.

"Jenny" was a small vessel of about 500 tons. She carried a crew of seven. John Myron, the captain's wife, was also aboard. She did the cooking, and it was a happy ship at the beginning. Captain Myron had had his crew for years, and "Jenny" was what is

known as a "Family Ship." She was bound for New Zealand, with a general cargo.

Across the Pacific sailed the little schooner. She had four weeks to sail with, and soon picked up the North-East Trades. Captain Myron was beginning to congratulate himself on the likelihood of a quick and prosperous voyage, for the wind held steady through the Tropics, which is unusual.

Work went on about the decks. Mrs. Myron cooked happily, and "Jep," the

cook's dog, followed his usual accustomed of sweeping rope-ends and barking in week days when water did not splash in the water holes and washpots. Then and then he went wild with excitement when a flying fish saw him, leaped ahead and popped in the water.

At length faded into the white of dawn, as the vessel neared New Zealand, and the horn-touted women came to their neighborhood rocks and to the boats and cabins. The first, the wife of the small schooner, was absent and replaced with a young woman.

On sailing east-west, the "Jenny" had almost reached New Zealand, when the wind changed to a heavy gale. The ship was overcast, and Captain Myron could not get a sight of land.

What was why he sailed past the coast and continued northward, the ship recovered. Soon the vessel was sailing along with only a storm of rain. The crew was not in a bad mood. Snow and sleet were falling heavily, and when the ship of drift too appeared on the horizon Captain Myron knew he had over-estimated. He could do nothing about it. The gale continued and—

What he tried to leave to the winds, drifted still further north. The ship was of too many good things for the Antarctic.

The ship's matter's worse, food began to run short. The crew were in a bad mood. The wind cold penetrated in their very bones, for no one was equipped with clothing suitable for Antarctic heat and ice.

Further and further south "Jenny" lay down. The wind fell to an icy stillness, but it was too late. Shattered by the waves, the crew had to death, one by one. There was no food, and no wind to take them north again. The ship of drift drifted against an iceberg, and the ship became top-heavy with

water. (The sinking vessel came later . . . 37 years later.)

On September 20, 1960, the whaling ship "Haze," under the command of Captain Brighton, of New Bedford, Mass., entered the Southern Ocean, south of Drake Straits. Ahead of the "Haze" was a large ice barrier, of which the crew of the "Haze" took little notice. Suddenly, with a thunderous crashing, the barrier split apart to reveal an amazing sight.

There, still floating, with masts and spars protruding with ice, yards and rigging dismantled and falling, male in icy sheets and with hull terribly battered, was a schooner . . . the "Jenny".

In amazement, Captain Brighton hoisted the ship of the dead. He was startled to find the crew still sitting in the forecabin in quite natural attitudes. They were frozen, and perfectly preserved.

In the cabin all Captain Myron sat at his desk, logbook before him and pen still in hand. The last entry in the log book:

"May 4, 1923. No food for 11 days. I am the only one left alive . . ." At that point the Captain's hand had ceased to write.

Captain Brighton searched further. In a bunk he found the body of Julia, the wife of Captain Myron. Clutched in her feet was the body of the dog "Jep."

Captain Brighton removed the logbook from under the dead hand of his brother captain, and quietly gave orders. Two of his crew took axes and chopped holes in "Jenny's" rotten planking.

Already almost sinking she was washed below the icy water. A floating tomb, she took to the bottom the bodies of those who had made the longest known voyage . . . 37 years!

Which is our ship that returned from the Port of No Return. But

Not a very surprising story? Per-

is an exception to prove the rule.

Since men first went down to the sea, the list has gone on increasing without number. The top-sails have faded over the horizon and the proven have headed for eternity.

They have sailed . . . west and bright in beauty . . . and, as beauty must, they have vanished in splendor.

The "Maria Celeste" . . . "Warwick" . . . Indian-men, clippers, and steamers . . . even fighting ships like H.M.A.S. "Sydney" . . . they have disappeared into the sunset and the night has closed round them forever.

Perhaps the "Jenny" was one of the most famous of them all, but, in her maiden, she was only the exception that proved the rule.

Almost equal was that four-masted barque, "County of Roxburgh" that crossed the water of the St. Lawrence when, in 1888, she weighed anchor at Chate for Newcastle (Australia) on ballast.

As barque she was hardly worth mentioning and, with her light trim, she had no alarming habit of scribbling to leeward like a crab.

Experts have asserted that, with a gale behind her, she might have logged 40 knots an hour; but at 13 knots her masters were inclined to look doubtful and pray for sea-room.

It says something for mariners' bravery . . . or bravado . . . that she was ever allowed to venture into the Pacific.

But she did. And, such is the way of the sea and its ships, she almost reached the Pacific.

It was a locality which seamen deplored. The waves roared were too much; a stray hurricane could make them like shark's teeth.

Of course, "County of Roxburgh" had to encounter both. On February 1, 1888, with the barometer fall-

ing steadily, her crew were not so much as observe that a heavy ground-swell was building on the Chaco Islands and that tidal streams in the passages were running strange rigs.

In the west, a purple-black cloud was darkening the sea. But, through the wind-rain, "County of Roxburgh" ploughed on.

Darkness came in with the gale-drops of the storm . . . and with it came the hulk before the storm. The curves had been strained down to working rail and the hatch-oven bottoms had been wedged in their slots, when, at nine o'clock, hard squalls swept in from the south-west.

At two o'clock the mast sustained the pole stroke. True to her reputation, "County of Roxburgh" took a lunge to leeward and kept on lurching.

By some minor miracle, she was still afloat at dawn; but a swirling eddy seemed to recoil on her . . . and her master must have been only too disposed to expect a long line of breakers, rolling in from the lee-ward, were lifting "County of Roxburgh" and sending over her lee-side.

Less than an hour later, she had a speaking reef. If the crew had only known, they were in perfect safety for the reef-field held them firmly beyond the power of the sea.

But how were they to know? They panicked. In a stampeding rush they launched the life-boats. Two of them dived as the boats cracked and splintered on the coral.

A few reached the comparative safety of the beach. Furry-haired tribesmen . . . saluted themselves . . . reared down from the palm-tree sugar to help. With the few swimmers they still retained, the survivors first on shore.

The tribesmen knew that when a

stranger landed, the necessary species of sea-dog were alerted. Chaps were checking them and they fought with claws.

At dawn on February 3 it was all over. The island of the tribesmen was a squiggle in which men sank to their sun-pits, the villages were gone, the palm-trees were dejected and over all the bay hung the dark stretch of death.

Someone had the storm washed out of island boundaries . . . steering

dozens of human skulls and bones on the beach . . . but the lagoon, too, was polluted with the bloated forms of natives and "County of Roxburgh" dead.

When the next ship came beating through the islands, her crew saw the "County of Roxburgh" . . . decaying to dust and rust with time and corrosion and with not a man aboard.

She had sailed to Tahiti . . . or other Port of No Return.

DINNER TIME

By CLYDE WILLIAMS



THE PIG IS NOT A GOOD EATER OF WHAT OTHER PIGS EAT



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Wild Women's stockade

The Blackish Boys stormed the Stockade of Six, only to be swept aside by a racing torrent of frontier femininity.

DID you ever hear of the Battle of Lippendorf's Meadows?

You won't find it mentioned in the history books, but it was common talk at one time—very common.

It happened during the American Revolution. During the fighting, there was a heavy portion of British troops in New York, which growing city was predominantly British in sympathy.

But the citizens of Gotham had fears for their worthwhile with so many soldiers roaming loose. It was a problem for the commander, because he did not want his soldiers doing anything which might stir them in bad odor with the local loylists. He passed his dilemma on to the

Brass at the War Office in London.

The brass was perhaps unprepared; it was certainly not savvy. The War Office called for tenders—in a quiet way—for the supply of 1,000 women. "For the interim use of the troops concerned, the Marine and the supply trains."

Tenders were swiftly received from a bunch of procurers. The fee for each woman was two guineas, and that was good money in those days. The women were to get nothing.

The procurers went into action, scouring London, Bristol, Plymouth, Liverpool and Southampton. They worked fast, but they soon found it was a big order. There seemed to

be few low working wenches who suited the exclusive taste. They were being very well at home, thanks you, and had their own circle of clients.

But the procurers were hardly the men to stand on ceremony. They brought a little force into play, and a new sort of cramping began. The women did not go round like horses, but like geldings and choosers and sporting pedlars. London didn't market. Provincial gauds was the only market.

They cleared out the delinquent province of "unsuitable" females, the daughters of female paupers, and sent up any poppet with no visible means of support. Towards the end of this time passed, the crampers were arrested kidnapping a few decent, single and married women—who were all vanished.

In New York the soldiers were given a pressing job. It also put them out of mischief. They were busy preparing a stockade to house the new recruits.

On the northern boundary of the British Isles to become Greenwich Village, right in the city of New York, there was a wide warehouse owned by a Frenchman named Antoine Lippendorf, right next door to the warehouse where a few heavy men (though which ran a creek into the Collier Pond. There were some known as Lippendorf's Meadows. And as there were close to the market, this was in most a spot as any place for a house.

The soldiers got to work and ran a high wooden stockade—to keep the girls in and the loots out. It was not very high. The soldiers couldn't work great shelter as crampers, but it was a labor of love and they erected a few score small chalets inside the stockade. They were built all right. Sometimes the roof was only five feet from the

ground, but what did that matter? They built the stockade over the creek so there would be running water lead on at no expense.

Over in England the procurers had gathered their 1,000 wenches. Now the problem was transport. Ships were much more precious than women! And all the best ships were being used for war purposes.

The problem was solved by searching up and down the coast for ships which were dying of old age. Twenty of these were seized in—the owners' surprise and profit—for they were chartered by the Government.

It was not exactly a luxury cruise. The ships were mostly very small. The women were crammed into the holds and the hatches battened down. There was one good saving of space; they had no luggage! And the provisions supplied there would not take up much space.

Sanitary conditions did not exist. The women—especially the respectable ones who had been kidnapped—were in a pitiful plight. Their heads breaking for their horses and loved ones, under great physical discomfort, and in the company of some of the vilest scum of England's gutters.

But, for some of them—good and bad—war was to come. The Atlantic chase to be stormy during the passage. It made the passengers very ill, it prolonged the voyage—and it sank one of the ships with all hands!

The Grand Chairman of Procurement must have bled when he found that he was 10 short in the total as had promised to deliver.

He had to go to further expense to keep his part of the contract, because the money was not going to be paid to him unless he supplied the full quota. So he picked out the best of the bulks and sent an expedition to the West Indies to kidnap 10 negroes.

The brunette flesh was accepted and

the same man paid for the slaves as the freemen. When the Top Man got his pay of 1000 guineas he was a rich man and could retire on his profits, buying a mansion and becoming a squire. He might have even received a knighthood.

The rickety ships pulled in at the jetty near Wall Street and the soldiers were there to meet them. The poor, sick, ragged, and wretched were searched through the streets to their "palace." The population turned out to see the spectacle, to sniff or hoot or spit or throw stones from—according to their sex and breeding. There was no pity for the poor slave-devils! They were marched to their pay-off and locked in. Food was supplied for those who could eat.

The stock supplied them with drinking water and washing water (nothing only was washed in those days) and was also useful as a sewer. The stockade had no furnishings whatever. There was no such thing as a fireplace or a bed; just nothing. The women borrowed and begged what they could; necessity drove them to work hard and they made the place fit to live in.

They served their country in the way expected of them—bravely and without pay. It was a job of the day that Private Se-and-so had served with great gallantry at the Battle of Lincoln's Meadows.

The stockade was not exactly a healthy place. Many of the women died, either from heartbreak, overwork or the unsanitary conditions. The population figure was kept more or less constant by births, but that wasn't exactly the same thing, in service to Britain.

At last General Washington began to march on New York. The British knew several days before that he was coming and that he would conquer, but they were still making up their minds when Washington began to

lead his army down Broadway.

The stockade was still on duty. Suddenly the garrison realized it was time to strike out for other women. They did not hurry. They even forgot about the Stockade of Entertainment. They were hurried along by the ten thousand local loyalists who also thought it better to take a long to Hellfire.

The women were locked in. They were almost panic-stricken. There was the enemy, and they would hardly be treated in the same way as respectable women. Anthony Lempard suddenly noticed their plight. He could hardly help it, as they were screaming blue murder. He sent one of his employees to unlock the stockade gate.

The women rushed forth and overflooded the land. Many rushed for the ships of the refugees; but those had already gone. Five hundred odd, banded together and armed with clubs, rushed into the open country to the north. They found an isolated spot and began a settlement. It wasn't long before they had plenty of men to join them. It must have been quite a lively spot. The town of Rancore Falls now stands on about the site. The original settlement is said to have lasted until the 1850's.

The remainder of the women, some two thousand odd, ran for cover wherever they could find it, in bunches, pairs and threes. They were swallowed up, with their babies, and lost in the general turmoil of war.

They were "absorbed," I wonder if any of them ever saw England again. Quite possibly a few of them did, because they no longer had to work without pay. But the great majority became part of the New World.

In such strange ways have empires been built, but in world history there can have been none cheaper than the sequel to the assault at Lempard.



"Ah, ah! First things first!"

A HOUSE



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 73)

PREPARED BY W. N. SON SHIPP, A.R.A.L.A.

When building sites upstrate a fairly steep slope economies can be achieved by planning to minimise the effect of these natural qualities. It is obviously most economical to build a house which has its greatest measurement along the contours and its shortest diversion down the slope. This may mean a wide shallow house built across the site, a long narrow one stretching from front to back, or in some instances, a building placed at an angle across the land.

CAVALCADE'S suggestion for this month is for a house to fit on a block of land in which the slope runs at 30 degrees to the side boundary.

Accommodation is for two bedrooms. The layout is extremely simple

and this is reflected in the exterior treatment—a factor which also contributes considerably towards economical construction.

The living and dining rooms are to the left of the main entrance, while the two bedrooms, with the bathroom between them, are to the right. Each bedroom has ample built-in wardrobe space.

The kitchen is in a central position with direct service to the dining room and is fitted out in accordance with modern standards. Ample window area arounds that each room is bright and cheerful and gives the whole house an air of spaciousness, rare associated with such a small overall size which is 1,400 square feet.

to fit its setting



THE *Weird* MR. WATERTON



THERE was only one Mr Waterton . . . for which most of the scornful gentry of his day must have wanted a beautiful reb of rebef.

Unconsciously, he was mad . . . quite mad . . . but mad in a nice way. His intensity confined itself mainly to animals . . . alive, dead, stuffed, and unstuffed . . . and regardless of one's taste to himself.

His means swept him halfway round the world; but if in his travels he saw crocodiles, snarled birds, snakes and butterflies, suffered every disease (and accident) to which any white man in the tropics is liable, his own account of his adventures sub-convulsed

the most brave of the tribulations
and greatest he had encountered.

Without pretending to call Mr. Waterman a liar, it must be confessed that he was not only a man who told a tale well; he was also a man who told a tale too well. Hence the alarm and despond which fell upon high scientific circles whenever one of his trusties dropped bat from the Press.

Add to this that he was a technocrat, quite capable of supporting his wildest flights of imagination by self-manufactured statistics and fears-of-the-right, and you will gain a vague idea of the horror he caused in the hushed cloisters of scientific research.

He became an Officer of the Society of the Holy Sepulchre and he became Past its hierarchy at the age of 40. . . , working himself almost to death he developed (and his lengthy life).

On this occasion, in search of starvation, he popped off the rear of an outboard and narrowly avoided breaking his neck.

During the trial, his family went into a room with a "foly and bene-
diction." The association lasted
for two years, until young Water-
ton generally elected to take the pains
in the call of the leg—with the re-
sulting

that Wawerian refused to be deposed. He had apparently enjoyed his position.

When later, he was accustomed to receive a large number of guests to dine with him well, shortly before his arrival, to hide himself under the table. No woman had the guests noticed the dining room than Winter would suddenly scuffle from behind the table on a chair, back to back and a high dark night visitor.

(1) that was in the future. After unfortunate episode with the police, his family sent them back off to the discipline of the Norfolk College of Stoughton. Finally, the strict regime had most salutary effects, at least during the period there is no record of any lawless behavior being any more.

He left Shanghai to return home and because a few burning questions. Accordingly, he entered into this negotiation with a madness that none then grasped his other formulas . . . capturing himself over bed and house, into gulch and goods, and finally into a state . . . from which

These tight pursuits, however, began to fail. Young Mr. Wilson turned to travel. Living at Malaga (Spain) were two uncles of his, who had left their country, not "for their country's good," but "in high disgust because they had not been employed in any political or confidential capacity at home." The indefatigable Watson then decided to infect himself on these. His time in Spain was spent by studying "red-tipped porcupins, vulpine gold finches, quail, bee-eaters and flamingoes," striving an earthquake and a plague known as "the black vomit," and seeing one of his uncles take an unlikely grave.

He returned to England, equipped with "a magnificent ivory carafe and a superbly mounted Spanish gun, both presented by the Duchess of Alba"—so his uncle

But it seems that his Spanish trip had merely whetted his appetite for foreign travel. Two years later, he was off to manage the newly slave plantations in British Guiana.

In a land of hard drinkers (and, for punishment, he became a vegetarian), and disregarding the most horrifying warnings — insisted on carrying bottles through the tropics (and) gulping large quantities of water which had not been boiled. His result: He quickly contracted cholera.

As he also limited on walking barefoot, he in addition daily acquired a plentiful crop of leeches.

Any injuries to his feet, he remedied by large positions composed of "heavily boxed cow dung." For some obscure reason, his wounded feet invariably healed.

Soon, however, the pleasures of Georgetown, too, palled. Mr. Waterton detached on an expedition up the unexplored Demerara River, his object being to collect steel-

LONDON'S latest refinement for drinkers is the "beverage," a pistol-shaped gadget on the end of a stainless-steel, tapered plastic snake, through which the beer runs and from collar to forehead the "top" is a trigger; the bar wand can shoot a precise pint this year, next . . . And, presumably, also into the "rear" of any abstemious drinker.

mons of the virulent poison with which the Indians tipped their arrows—"curare," as we term it ("the wound poison" to the Indians). With his usual sublime disregard for the strains of tempo, he tuned his melody for the melody of the rainy season . . . their almost mesmerizing harmony with fever before being seized by a homicidal Portuguese outpost commander.

Nevertheless, he came back to Cleveland with his "pawpaw."

Thus he promptly tested on an offensive, she-an. According to him, he stalked the ant in the chamber with a poison arrow whereupon the insect expired within ten minutes. "An incision was then made in its wind pipe and through it the lungs were inflated regularly with a pair of bellows for two hours. Surprised animation then returned. The ant looked around but when the inflation was discontinued the work once more went into apparent death."

Another two hours with the bellows and the dorker was completed.

restored. It is pleasant to relate that—under the living name of "Ward"—the Swedish for another 20 years.

Here and there, of course, Waterbury took home leave—but not for long. The most fascinating of these holidays led him into the United States. On his way by stage coach from Buffalo to Niagara, he—true to form—had an accident. He sprained his ankle. Remembering that a doctor had once told him to hold a sprained ankle under a pump, it naturally occurred to Waterbury that the treatment would be much more effective if he held his injured limb under Niagara Falls. (Then, so the story, "pouring over 600,000 tons of water a minute.") This theory he bravely put into practice . . . with what results has not been recorded.

But Hyatt's Gurney resembled his host less. He returned again and again—occasionally slipping overboard for a change. There he sang his celebrated "crescible note" in a surprising even tone to Knapman. After having tried vainly to snare a muskrat on a stick stuck in the River Esquimaux, he wonderfully asked his native "crescible mother" and went about the business in his own way. He put in hours with some Indians who "fed him on baked seal-bear and a red-meaty and profane themselves enthusiastic to relieve a stranger for him."

In less time than it takes to tell, his helpers had a crocodile "on foot" and a half long on the end of a rope. But there they hesitated. They hesitantly refused to hold the man aloft. Instead, Webster's negro gun-bearers showed every desire to shoot the pirate. Webster hastily ordered to shoot him down instead and the black submersed . . . after Webster had chased him half-a-mile along a sand beach. Then, "getting a splendidly

his captive struggling to himself several times from Horan, before the chance of getting away. His final destination was reached by an overboard on eight foot planks and wrapped around the coil. The like was thrown into the nearest

It was explained to the students, these brightened men, "West South American" and "South American" were languages from Africa, and I pointed out a white man, a "foreigner" known to them, and to the evening teacher (Dr. W. H. Wilson) gave me to the study of classical Latin and his book, turning half-worked as they found me and by only three tenths of a book, that they stood "Africa."

[illegible]

He Weirbach refused to be
illiterate. He also owned
a small mill with a boat
on one another species of
The life several stands when
The early recorded history
with a new face towards

It seems that the intrapud Waterton was tripping through the jungle when, without warning, he almost collided with a ten-foot bee-eater. "I covered my right hand with my left but missed the snake's tail with my left and when it came at me in fanged fury, I knocked it out with a Yorkshire punch in the nose."

Yet Mr. Webster did not confine himself exclusively to anacronisms. His fiercest struggle was fought, not against a non-construction, but against a North American rattlesnake . . . and the battle raged east, as you might guess, in the United States, but in the serpentine Eden of England's Leeds.

But all good things must come to an end. Mr. Waterton finally returned to England to practice tailoring and marry a wife. He was 48 when it happened. It says something for the peer girl's stamina that she survived a year of wedded life before expiring.

Once again, Mr. Webster proved us with his hobby—contradicting every biologist with bearing and developing his toothpaste's art.

Undoubtedly the two outstanding of his soldiers were:

b) "The Manuscript" . . . a monkey constructed by himself from several different boards of scraps, an engraving of which he published as the frontispiece of a treatise—thus drawing from an unexpressed Harvard remark: "Dear me, what a strange looking man Mr. Watson must be!"

(b) "The Monster of The Splice of the Deck Agar" . . . "made of the garpet and legs of a bittern and the head and legs of an eagle-red skillfully blended."

He was still heard at it when he died,
April 11, a.m. May 27, 1868.

His death was worthy of his life.
He killed himself by falling out of a tree.



Contributed by the Office Gossamer: A fool is a man who argues whether women have brains while a wise man gets busy with what they have got. To which he adds "You will find some of the best bed-time stories on hotel ventilators." • Office Incident: A brother is something you spend time looking for while the ink is drying. • A U.S. women columnist proudly points out that there are 30 per cent more men in mental hospitals than women. • Okay, okay, who put them there, anyway? • Dedicated to Emily Post, "At cocktail parties, it is much better to be the long one to wrap yourself around your host's liquor instead of around your host." • Fashion Flash: One woman resists lured longer in the gay skiffles was that your wife looked the same after washing her face. • An ad by an expensive ladies' shop assures: "LATEST ARRIVAL—Cin-Cin Garters . . . come in all heights." • Which, of course, reminds us, that she was just a goldenrod's daughter; but it didn't mean pure gold. • Our Tasse Mathusalem reports that figures never lie; but it sometimes takes a good fight to keep them from telling the truth. • Racing Newsletter: Horses feed on green stuff; so do bookies. • So meet the one man who made money following the horses; he was a clown in a circus procession. • Definition: A night-club is a place where the tables are reserved and the guests aren't. • Europe is a collection of countries with chips on their shoulders and nose on the table. • Traffic Warning: Nowadays, if a man gives up his bus-seat to a woman, it generally means that he's getting off at the next stop. • Sporting Side-light: A bookmaker is too often a pick-pocket who lets you see your own fingers. • Advice to World-Wide Tourists: Of the glens of the West, there is nothing more entrancing than the plain-English expression for a place: "Big fellow boss; you fight him in teeth, he cry." • Note to Contributors: Truth is not only stronger than fiction, really it is also more interesting. • Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

OUR SHORT STORY • A Californian woman, charged with shooting her husband, says that everything went black . . . everything, that is, except the cartridges.

DEATH IN THE BACKGROUND



SCRIPT BY RAY WERTH •
ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BELBIN







ASIN THE LINGERING
POORER SPACES SYLVIA
HESITATES BEFORE
ANSWERING BUT IT MUST
BE JAKE MULLANEY.....



HE IT MUST JAKE
TAKE A FRIEND'S ADVICE
AND DON'T GO OUT



WAITING IN FEAR TO CON-
TACT JAKE BY PHONE,
SYLVIA LOOKS AT THE
CLOCK FOR THE FIRST
TIME, AND LEAVES JUDY
SMITH WHO SNOTS



NEED PANIC DRIVE
SYLVIA TO TRY AGAIN TO
CONTACT JAKE



AUD THIS TIME SHE DOES
SHE TELLS HIM ALL HER
FEELINGS CAN YOU COME
OUT I'VE BEEN AWOL



CAN, REALIZED THAT
SYLVIA WAS SOMEWHERE
TIED UP WITH MULLANEY
IN JAIL, WENT ABOUT
UNDERSTANDING MEN WITH A
SNEER OF TELEPHONE
CAME TO SEE HIM AND SHE

I SURE SPOOK THAT GIRL



I'M BOTTLED SHE SAYS
SHE'S BEEN UP WITH THE
HOUR -- SHE DELIVERED
THE FBI SAYS THAT SHE'S
JOY TO HIS DEATH



CAN BEING ONLY AT THE
SIDE OF THE POLICE STATION
ON JAKE MULLANEY EVEN
THE POLICE HAVE NEVER
BEEN ABLE TO GET THE
NEWS ON JAKE



JAKE'S BEEN BROWBEATEN
THAT PERSONALITY BUT
THAT LITTLE MAN IS
DEAD... AND I'M BEING
FOLLOWED



IF YOUR LIPS WITH JUDY
SMITH IS SHOWING YOUR
UNHEALTHY PICTURE ...



DON'T JAKE I HAVEN'T
TOLD A SOUL, I SWEAR
I ..



AN EMPLOYEE IS ASKED
THROUGH THE POLICE
INTERVIEWING THE POLICE
SAYS THE POLICE ARE
FALLS ASKED



THE PRINCESS WAS O.K.



The Princess might not have been all that she seemed to be; but he was not over-disappointed.

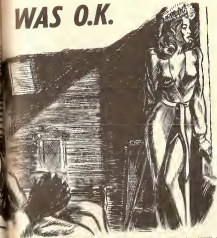
HENRY CARTON • FICTION

I CHOSE the Aphrodite Hotel because it was central, respectable and not too expensive. I only discovered afterwards that it was also notorious and patronized almost exclusively by what were politely called "night-club entertainers."

It had seemed quiet, however, when I checked in. I was not surprised to notice that the names in the register

were mostly Turkish, Arabian or Greek, and I was unable to translate any of the entries in the column headed "Residence." My own entry—Henry Carton, Artist—looked in out of place as button boots on a bathing beauty.

A bearded Greek-speaking boy helped carry my luggage upstairs to my room, which was long and narrow



Moonlight glinted on her jewels and shone on the edge of her lace negligee.

one with a very high ceiling like a slice off a larger room . . . which it was. At one end were tall French windows opening onto a repulsive balcony which projected over the main street, twenty feet below.

I unpacked a few necessities, washed and changed. Then at 6 P.M.

prompted by a hovering gong and the printed instructions which were pinned on my door, I went downstairs to the dining room for dinner. Then I really got a shock.

The tables were crowded by a collection of human beings of every imaginable shape and colour. There

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were three bespectacled Chinese youths at one table, a fat Turkish woman at another, five most-susred Negroes, and a group of blunder in tight sweaters and trousers.

At a long table in the centre sat six oriental hours in flowing gowns . . . the Secret Ballet, as I subsequently discovered . . . with an imposing surbeaned gentleman (reputed to be their headman).

There was also a stately woman like a dehydrated Madame Dietrich in a backless evening dress, sitting with an elegant gentleman in tails, a curly blonde wig and thick make-up.

But one figure caught my attention. A black-haired girl who sat by herself at a table in the window. She was a study in contrasts . . . white skin, full crimson lips, black dress which left her shoulders bare, a phrasing neckline which left me gasping like a deep-sea diver, and the longest eyelashes I have ever seen.

As I entered the room they all stared at me as if I—with my unobtrusive beard, blue suit and soberly striped tie—were the most economic freak in the world.

The waiter, who was also the proprietor, greeted me politely in basic English, showed me to a table next to the eyeshades and took my order. With homelike back-chat in French, German, Greek and Arabic, he set the conversational turmoil about again, and soon I was forgotten. Ecstatic by the eyeshades. Whenever I looked up she was staring at me with her great eyes.

The other wild characters shirked and giggled, bowed and teased, gazed and stared each other across the room. She remained silent and aloof. Yet she dominated the scene, and when she once spoke—to ask the waiter for a clean fork—there

was a sudden silence which permitted her words, in broken English, to be heard all over the room.

Towards the end of the meal she rose with her coffee cup in her hand and glided towards me. With a "You permit me, monsieur?" she sat down at my table. I couldn't speak. I could not even raise my eyes. They begged and wailed, slipping over her skin-smooth skin, gravitating into the valley between her breasts, out of all control. Her aunt enveloped me . . . fascinating, suggestive.

"Don't's Breath" would have been a good name for it. Her voice was deep and seductive; she had been speaking for several seconds before I could pull myself together sufficiently to hear what she was saying.

"You need not introduce yourself, Monsieur, because I know your name, Henry" (she pronounced it Oured) "no need, no need. Tell me, Oured, what sort of an artist are you . . . a hypnotist?" (pronounced septuagint) "a mind reader? or a musician? . . . you are so handsome you might be a woman, so long and strong you could be an acrobat, a strong man . . . but not with that beard . . . it puzzles me."

I enlightened her. I told her that I was a painter, just a modest really, landscapes and a few portraits.

"But why do you stop at the Aphrodite? Ah, you are interested in us artists . . . you see it is so colourful subjects! You would like to paint me, yes? In my dress costume? Yes, we must arrange the sitting immediately . . . look."

She extracted from her bag a large photograph and peered at it. I broke into a cold sweat. It showed her in a fantastic towering jewelled head-dress . . . and very little else. On the top of the portrait was embroidered a crown, on the bottom was printed, "PRINCESS ANNA ELIZA-



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SEAGULLS at St. Augustine

(Florida) are dying in thousands to support the old south that free lunch counters are seldom "free" and always temporary. For generations, the gulls had depended on the shrimp fast for easy death. When the first moved to other waters, the gulls were unable to feed themselves and died. Officials are calling citizens to aid the victims of the free-lunch counter.

BETTA BERKOWSKY, estate dancer.

Before I had thought out a suitable exclamation she seized the phone, and with my fountain pen which she took from my breast pocket, answered "With utmost love, from Anna," across the bottom of it.

"Keep it," she said.

The ink of my fountain pen has never been the same since.

"Now I go to the Garden of Paradise and dance," she added, and swept out of the room, leaving me too dumb to move.

The waiter, Aristophanes—known as Fanny in her intimate among whom I was evidently already included—started to clear my table. "You very lucky guy," he told me. "You make tag his with the Princess that he loves, Mister, she is dangerous. Fanny is telling you."

He was telling me! Her vivid attractions, clearly designed and calculated to dazzle from a considerable distance, were strongly menacing at such close quarters. She was like a three-dimensional technicolor close-

up close to life.

I took a long walk in the cool night air. I found my way back to the hotel about eleven, and went to bed. But not to sleep. I blamed the street noise, the constant ringing of bicycle bells, the clatter of loose-drawn shutters, the loudest noise horns, the talking, singing, yelling people who passed beneath my window . . . but I forgive the Princess had something to do with it.

About 2 a.m. I became quieter, and I slept . . . only to be awakened at 2:30 by the "alarms" as they returned from their "nightclubs." From the fire comprehensible sounds of conversation that flooded in my window I gathered that each of the sweater girls had at least half a dozen more or less fabulous events in tow.

I slept late in the morning. What eventually woke me was the tramping of beaked feet up and down the stairs, and to and fro in the corridor outside. As I pumped out of bed, I heard a faint thud by the window. It was caused by a small cigar-shaped parcel wrapped in oiled silk which hit the iron balcony rail and bounced into the room. I stepped out and looked up and down the street. Though there were plenty of people about, none of them appeared to have any connection with the parcel.

I unwrapped it, disclosing a black sticky substance with a powerful smell . . . I sniffed disgustedly, and dropped it into the waste paper basket, already half full of torn paper from my unpacking the previous evening.

I had just finished dressing when there was an authoritative knock at my door. I opened it and a policeman burst in. He was a Cypriot, wearing a regulation khaki shirt and shorts, with a blue peaked cap. He asked to see my passport, and ques-

tioned me about the purpose of my visit to Cyprus, the intended duration of my stay, a long rigorous which had already been fully dealt with the previous day at the airport. Then—without warning—he suddenly announced that he was going to search my room.

"But what on earth are you looking for?" I asked in some surprise. "My luggage was all examined by the customs yesterday. I've brought nothing since."

"It is routine, sir. I am sorry I cannot tell you the reason, but I have a warrant to search the hotel," answered the gentleman.

There was nothing else for it. I moved him to the corridor and placed at my luggage, but he stripped the bag, poked the mattress all over methodically, climbed on a chair and looked at the top of the wardrobe, crept under the washstand and beneath the bed, pulled back the carpet and examined the cracks in the floor boards, tapped the skirting and the walls.

Favoring me with a better glare of disappointment, he left. I went down to breakfast, locking my room behind me and putting the key in my pocket. I could hear the policeman tramping about on the floor above.

There was no use on duty downstairs, but when I had rung the bell several times, Fanny appeared looking flustered and worried.

"I am sorry, Mister," he said, "but the police have only just gone. I do not know who they do there things to me . . . the indignity, the embarrassment to my customers . . . and they find nothing, thank God."

"But what were they looking for?" I asked.

"I do not know . . . stolen property, spies . . . these thousand people are

not always what they seem, Mister. That Princess, now . . ."

He broke off as she swept into the room. She was dressed in a gorgeous silk dressing gown, her heavy black hair hanging loose over her shoulders. Even in the cold morning light she was unaccountably seductive.

She ordered coffee, and again sat down at my table. As soon as Fanny had left the room she leaned towards me.

"Did they search your room . . . the police?" she whispered. I nodded.

"And did they find something?" "No," I replied, "there was nothing for them to find."

She smiled inscrutably, and glanced towards the door.

"I hope I did not disturb you in the night, Monsieur."

I must have looked surprised, for she went on:

"Do you not know that my room is next to yours?"

Until this moment I had not connected the silk-wrapped parcel with the visit of the policeman. If I had recognized what it was I would have realized immediately, but my experience of opium was limited. It is not a substance with which the average school student has close acquaintance. Still, I managed to speak.

"No, I didn't know. I slept very well, thank you."

I thought she looked a little puzzled.

I rose and left the room, unlocked the door of my room. I took the cigar-shaped object out of the waste-paper-basket, wrapped it again in its oiled silk covering and put it in my pocket. It seemed incredible that the policeman—if he knew what he was looking for—had failed to search the basket, but I did not let that worry

me. I picked up my sketch-book and my hat, I went out, and down the stairs. The Princess was just coming out of the dining room as I passed the door. She tried to accost me.

"Come, darling, where are you going? Sketching? Would you not like to paint me now, in your room . . . before I get dressed?"

She wangled her body provocatively under the silk dressing gown.

"Be . . . later . . . this evening . . . the light is too strong, now," I mumbled. And then I was out in the street.

I took a taxi straight to the police-station. I told the superintendent that I had some important information concerning the murder of the Aphrodite Murd. Eventually I was taken to the Assistant Commissioner, a large red Englishman with a Lancashire accent.

I told him my story, and produced my exhibit.

"You're right, lad," he said, when he saw it. "This is what we were looking for . . . a bit of it, anyway, and that's enough to confirm our suspicions. We've searched the night clubs and found nothing, so it had to be the Aphrodite. I'll tell you all about it. A few weeks ago our customs men found a man at this staff in the luggage of an Alaskan construction on his way to Cairo. It was packed in cosmetic jars, a layer of body paint or cold cream on top, and apron below, several thousand pounds worth. Of course, the girl swore she hadn't known it was there, and in the end we had to believe her. She was a sort of masquerade carder person. The staff had been planted in her luggage, and was to be activated upon before she went out on her war paint. We let her go through with it notified the Egyptian authorities, who watched her, they knew-

ered one end of quite a tidy trade organization. But the stuff must have been planted while the girl was here . . . in Nicosia. We believe that this gang use Cyprus as a sort of distribution centre. Entertainment comes here from all over the Mediterranean. They're in Tel-Aviv one month, Beirut the next, Larnach, Alexandria. They may be carrying all sorts of stuff about with them, without even knowing it. Now we can be pretty sure that the Aphrodite is the place where the stuff is handled. Someone there has access to the rooms, and tampered with the luggage. The Princess is more or less a permanent resident, been there for months, so . . ."

"She's the one you're after," I put in. "I'm convinced she threw the stuff onto my balcony from her window; a bit of a risk to take, but once she got rid of it so we could prove where it came from, unless someone saw her."

"And unfortunately no one did, so we've got nothing to go on. We can't touch her. We can only keep an eye on her . . . and that's where you come in, ladkin. I'll tell you what to do. You get pally with her . . ."

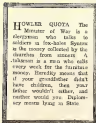
"Pally?" I yelped. "My God, you might as well tell me to get pally with a python. Nothing is left would force me to enter that hotel again until she's under arrest."

"Come, come, laddie, there's nothing to be afraid of. She's only a woman, after all. Now, you go back to the hotel for lunch, corner her afterwards, tell her you've just found something in your room, show her this package and see how she reacts. Pretend you don't know what it is. Of course, if she ever discovered you'd been to the police . . . well . . . you don't need to worry. We'll have somebody handy in case

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there's any trouble. There's more of fine stuff where it came from, and if you can help us find it . . . of course, I can't promise anything, but I'll see the Governor hears about it."

I did not return to the hotel for lunch. I could not. I kept saying to myself: "You bloody fool, you've got nothing to lose. It's a situation any man with guts would sell his soul to get into. A glamorous woman anxious to pose for you in your bedroom . . . even if her motives are sinister . . . But it was no good."

I wandered about the streets, sketching here and there: a bearded Turkish beggar in heavy black trousers, a gypsy woman, a carved doorway. I had lunch at a cheap restaurant; kebabs smoked over a charcoal fire, and a huge slice of watermelon. I got back to the hotel about 6, and found the Princess sitting in the lounge. Taking a fine grip on myself, I went and sat beside her. She was a little stout at first, but soon shrank.

"Where have you been all day, Grace darling?" she asked. "I have been looking for you. Do you not want to paint me?"

"Of course I do!" I answered, "but it's impossible in a hotel room. Too small, and the light is not right. I have been trying all over Monte in God's room I could rent as a studio."

That seemed to cheer her up. "And you have been sketching? Show me." She took my sketch book out of my hands and turned over the pages. "Ah! You are an artist indeed, my Grace. What talent! That doorway . . . I recognize it immediately. Is it not near to the police station?"

It was. "You afraid I don't know the police station," I said humbly. "It was near the Paphos gate, I think . . . but talking of police, I want to show you something I have found in my room. I wonder if it has anything to do with that morning's search. I don't know what it is, a small parcel of black sticky stuff."

She was absolutely interested. "Black and sticky," she repeated. "It does not sound like . . . you will show it to me, but not now. It is late to dress for dinner. Tonight I will come to your room, but do not tell a soul."

"Yes . . . that will be nice . . ." I found myself answering like a monkey.

During dinner I caught her eye several times, but I was warned that she did not bring her coffee over to my table when she had finished her meal.

It was a French film with Greek and Arabian subtitles . . . which tended to make it amusing if not understandable. I couldn't get the hang of it at all. Everybody seemed to be intently pursuing one another for some purpose which re-

mained obscure to me and . . . when they paused for breath . . . debating with one another in dialects beyond my understanding (even with the assistance of the Greek and Arabian subtitles). Still, it distracted my thoughts.

After dinner I went to a cinema. I wandered back to the hotel about 11 and went to bed; but, tired as I was, I couldn't sleep. I lay there trying to read a book, while my mind reverted about in the future, putting up wild guesses about the Princess's well-known testifying, some fashioning. Several times I broke into a cold sweat. Once I got out of bed intending to ring the police . . . but did I really need a policeman connected in the wardrobe?

I was convinced, of course, that the Princess was not interested in my merely charming if not. She had other notions I could only guess at. I spent some time studying her photograph, it was disturbing but not reassuring. She wanted to make use of me in some way. Perhaps she thought I was not what I seemed to be. She imagined I suspected her and sought to disarm me. Had I been intent to find the opium, or was it a mistake? If a mistake, how could she correct it? It was the bewildering older question.

Outside it was even noisier than on the previous night, but things started to quieten down about 2. Then the other guests of the hotel began to come in. At 2.30 I thought I heard the Princess enter her room. But everything was quiet . . . I sat in bed, fell asleep.

I woke with a start and sat up in bed. She was standing at the open window. Moonlight shined on her jeweled head-dress and shone on the edges of her silk dressing gown. Her back was towards me and she seemed to be staring at something above her.

She began my movements and beckoned me. As if in a dream I stepped out of bed. She put a finger to her lips and motioned me to look upwards.

A figure was leaning out of the window three times. As we watched one hand held high of an ornamental iron bracket which supported the wide eaves of the roof, while the other stretched out towards the gutter. For an instant, the hand was outstretched against the starry sky, and we could see that it held a small cup-shaped object. There was no doubt who the figure was . . . Fanny the waiter.

I saw the Assistant Commissioner next morning.

"Well done, lad," he said when I had described what had happened during the night . . . covering a few irrelevant details. Fanny is the one we're after. Careless of him dropping that parcel onto your balcony, but I suppose he was a bit flustered with the police on the premises. Probably thought it had fallen into the street. Clever lad, plain, the gutter. He'll have hidden it somewhere else, by now, of course, but we'll find it if we have to tear the hotel to pieces. We'd suspected him all along, of course . . . didn't tell you . . . afraid of putting ideas into your head."

"And the Princess?" I asked, eyeing him reproachfully.

"The Princess is O.K. . . been checking up on her. No more a Princess than you are. Her real name is Hlopp or Hlopp or Wolstenholme or something. Comes from Yugoslavia. Good looking girl, too . . . not my type . . . but O.K.," said the A.C.

"Yes," I agreed thoughtfully, pleasantly remembering the night before, "I found the Princess quite O.K."

IRON CURTAIN CALL

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Harry wanted the General and so did the Canadians, but where in the mean did the girl fit in?

HE noticed her, of course, when she got aboard the giant transport at La Guardia, but he tried not to make a peep of it. What worried Harry that he must keep his nose on the job, and the hell with every-

thing else. But the girl made it tough, because she was blonde and young.

Halfway to Washington, he found himself wishing that Barstow would give him a case once, just once,

where he could work with a blonde like this one. It would be nice, all right. Detective Lieutenant Harry Staley thought about it. Finally, he got up and went to find the stewardess, to ask her for a drink of water that he really didn't want.

When he got back to his seat, the blonde girl had a cigarette in her lips and was faking in her handbag for a light. Harry struck a match for her, and dropped the book of matches in her lap. "Here y'are," he said as generously as his husky features would permit. "Keep 'em."

That did it. Ten minutes later, he knew that her name was Helen Gerson and that she was on her way to the Capital to join her parents and that was her first plane ride. He'd reached the point of telling her that he'd kicked hell out of Europe from the bank lay at a B-25 so that flying was old stuff to him, when that sweet voice at his window him again and he cut it short.

Carefully and skilfully, he sat back in his seat and pretended fatigue. Slowly he closed his eyes and he moved freely to the lovely distractions across the aisle and thought, as he was paid to think, about General Vallance. The general was a self-styled refugee who had come to the United States to do some sewing for the benefit of Uncle Sam.

As far as Harry had been able to learn, both the State and Defense Departments didn't like the name or the lyrics. Somewhere along the line they had grown suspicious of Vallance, their questions embarrassed the truth of his assignment and cleared focus: it was believed that the general had come to claim as much information as he had promised to divulge.

At that point, the general started screaming he'd been kidnapped by Canadian tools and took a powder, looking for his Embassy. The night

before, the general, peddling in a borrowed car, had run down a New York City traffic cop, and kept running.

So now Harry Baker had extradition for manslaughter papers in his pocket and orders to pick up the general.

Harry was especially conscious of the time when the big ship touched down at the Washington airport. According to the schedule the airline had supplied, the flight was twelve minutes early. He looked across the cold, wind-swept tops of aircraft for the police car that was to meet him, found nothing, and went into the field restaurant for a warming cup of coffee. He was sitting there, watching the car rump outside, when Helen Gerson came in.

She took the stool beside him. Her lovely face worked into a frown. "Tension night, isn't it?"

He lit her cigarette for the second time while the small suspicion grew in him. He looked at her, annoyed by the fact that he was attracted by what he saw; then he turned and walked away, towards the man's room six. Inside, he felt conscious of the fact that he was avoiding her. Probably just a girl who liked to talk. Maybe she was lonely.

He was fixing his tie in the mirror when it happened. The light turned, the door swung inward. There were two of them, Harry saw, short the same height, with dark eyebrows, dark hair and serious. Both of them had their hands in their pockets, bulging in a way that Harry didn't like.

In the mirror, Harry caught their actions. Deliberately, he removed his tie completely. The men were young, and from the look on their faces, Harry didn't think they'd blast right away. One of them stood with his back against the door, whistling softly. The other one settled in the

A BUS de Rivoli (Paris) hotel started a listening device for room-snoops. A gadget makes it possible for a roomer to fix, on a many-pointed dial, the time he wishes to be awakened in the morning to order his "petit-dejeuner," put through any telephone calls, give his orders to the maid or valet, contact the head-porter or manager, and tell the correct time throughout the 24 hours. Well, no sleeping anyone to sleep!

warmer, hearing at Harry Miller.

"Put it on again." He continued to the te.

Harry put it on. He had, now fewer ideas about that second match.

"The blonde typed you, didn't she?"

When neither of the young men replied, Harry Miller turned to face them, his own eyes wide, his lighter's face set with better resignation. He sighed, and brought his open hands sharply together, pointing with one hand after the manner explained like a side show magician, denoting the young men's attention—and ended the experiment in personal psychology with a sudden laugh.

His flying shoulder upset the first fellow. Then Harry pulled his way to the other, sweeping with his arm. His fist became a vicious battering ram against the man's neck and face. The youth went down. Harry dashed in time to catch the first man's arm across his shoulder. A chapping motion with the side of his hand and the men stopped squirming.

He found nothing of importance or

identification on either, save for their weapons, which he dropped in the empty towel chute.

He went out of the men's room, looking for the girl. It did not surprise him to see that she had gone.

He asked the counterboy about her. The kid's eyes went wider when Harry flashed the badge.

"Why, out there, somewhere. She just left."

Outside he saw that his sport had not yet arrived, he checked his watch again and was surprised to discover he hadn't been off the place for more than five minutes.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said, and the surprise really began to grow then, because he saw Edie Gordon walking quickly toward the administration buildings.

He had gone only a few yards in her wake when he heard the outside roar of a nearby motor. Instinctively he stopped, turning to the sound—and the burning breath of excitement bubbled into his chest. A silver-winged monoplane was cutting across the field through the great squares of shadow cast by the buildings.

Lake a giant monster, the plane was heading for the girl in front of him!

Harry pulled a warning, but the words were lost in the noise of other plane motors being warmed in the nearby hangars.

"Get down!" he roared again into the blinding of sound, then drove his feet hard against the oil-slick ground, running, firing for the girl. One arm flung for her waist as his knuckles caught her; they hit the ground together, breaking, as the briefest breath of time, before the undergarments got to where they'd been. He rolled with her, desperately, to avoid the path of the low-speed tank which would have cut three life a giant sword.

The monoplane streaked out into the night, the orange-blue exhaust

spring back at them. Harry lay beside the trembling girl, hating to let streaks of atmosphere fill his burning lungs, watching the plane grow smaller. It wore no lights at all planes should; he guessed it wore no markings either. He wondered how much the girl could tell him about it.

She had not said a word, but he could feel the tension in her flesh. Harry helped her to her feet.

He didn't rush her; patience was a necessary tool at his profession and he had learned the value of a peevish silence, where information-getting was concerned. He promised, to fill the little void between them and leaned down to pick up his hat.

From that point on, he did nothing consciously. He heard the sharp, broken breath, the sound of the girl's movement as she went into action above and slightly behind him, and felt the brutal blow take him just above the back of his neck.

Black nothingness faded gradually into gray, aching waves of pain, emanating from the back of his skull. He was lying, Harry learned to his dismay, face down in what seemed a shallow puddle of oil and water, and his head felt as if a wedge of ball bearings had taken residence there.

Walking was the problem, it developed. Twice, his legs buckled under him, and further sets of bones went off within his skull. Back to the restaurant, he ignored the wide-eyed attentiveness of the coastie clerk and asked some questions of his own.

No, said that haz-eyed young man, he didn't know what had happened to the blonde girl. And those two says—

"Yes?" said Harry. "Did you call the police?"

"Ware thing. But those fellows wants get out when I was phoning. They wasn't there when the cops

came. They wasn't here it before!" "Sure, sure. Was there anybody looking for me? Detective?"

The clerk frowned. "Nobody at all, Gee?"

Harry left him to his wondering and went to the phone booth.

When he spoke at the Detective Bureau answered the phone and Harry identified himself, he caught the small whiff of surprise. There were more at the usual, small, half-hearted attempts at reading himself and the New York Police Department as well, all good fun, but nothing Harry could appreciate at the moment. He said to tell Moushian—the detective who had been assigned to work with Harry—to get over to the Embassy. Harry would handle over there himself, as fast as a cat could take him.

In the men's room, a fast job with a towel and soap made him somewhat more respectable and the soap behind his left ear, where Edie Gordon had soaked him, responded a bit to a cold water application. But the pain of it still seemed as a cob rubbed him through Washington's traffic.

Walking in the cold and windy street for Moushian, across from the darkened Embassy building, Harry thought less about Vandusen than he did about Edie Gordon. There was a girl for you, all right. Two matches, two cake—two had.

Detective that he professed to be, he had not the slightest idea why she should evile him. That she had marked him well, he had no doubts. Not beyond that it was a puzzle.

He heard the rush of footsteps and looked up to find a quickly-moving figure across the street. The man came into the cone of light cast by a street lamp, and Harry threw his cigarette away and started after him.

It was the character from the men's room, the one whom he had thrown

THE women held that pipe smoking is better for the health than cigarettes is just a pipe-dream. Obedient University students have discovered that the smoke from the average-strength pipe tobacco contains up to three times as much poisonous nicotine as cigarette smoke. No cigarette smoker, moreover, is likely to absorb nicotine in harmful quantities.

head-over-back. In the absence of Munaghan, Harry thought he might use some empty minutes for personal investigation. He went softly, running down the street after the young man.

The young man increased his speed. He cut around a corner, running hard. Harry made the turn successfully, but with a considerable loss of distance. He turned softly. The side street led toward a park-like place into whom his quarry plunged.

Harry went after him, lost him in some shrubbery, and came to a halt searching for any sounds that might betray the other's presence. Crossing the bushes, he caught a flurry of movement to his right, and then the sudden cough of a heavy revolver.

He came upon the young man lying sprawled, dead and unmoving. It did not take a detective's special talent to determine that he was dead, but it did call for an agent of the law to find and stop his killer. Gun in hand, Harry moved quickly through the low-hanging shrubs. Out on the

cement path, he advanced more slowly, seeking noise to guide him. There was nothing.

Then he felt the back-stiffening pressure just above his kidneys as a gas bag into his back.

"Drop the weapon!" Softly came the voice, but with vehemence. A shade of resistance, Harry knew, and the gun three inches behind him would blast again.

He dropped his own revolver and held his arms outstretched.

Standing that way, in the narrow path facing the entrance, he was directly in line with the headlights of the car which came racing down the street. The man behind him gasped in astonishment at the sight of the lunatic.

Above the wheels of the car's braking stop, voices reached out from its darkened interior, the words incomprehensible but commanding. The gunman made Harry get the body from the park and stuff it in the rear trunk of the car. Then they both got in the back seat.

Up forward, beyond the glass partition, the dark and sinister atmosphere of the driver was of similar out to the man with the gun, who sat now in the leather seat facing Harry and the other passengers.

"Well," Harry said, looking at the occupant of the seat beside him, "It's a small world after all."

Hilda Ganssen and nothing. She still wears the ugly 1936 hat and a fur garment that looked suspiciously like mink. The hat was still the slightest bit very Mrs. Bliss type, with wide side as a feature.

"Is Ted?" She looked helplessly back over her shoulder in the direction of the car trunk.

"Dead, my dear," said the fourth occupant of the car.

He was a small but solid creature, and from the way he sat crowded next to Hilda, Harry guessed he had

a gun in the pocket of the leather jacket which he wore.

As they parted along the quiet streets there was light enough for Harry to see the man's face, the dark, heavy eyes, the thin patch of whiteness on his upper lip, where a moustache had once appeared. In Harry's pocket still rested the picture of the general, and the distance did not survive close scrutiny.

Belonging on the cushions Harry said, "How are things, General?" He smiled. "This is a break-even me the inside of looking for you. Do you want the whole routine? In the name of the law, etc." In short, you're under arrest and can consider yourself my prisoner."

Venkov laughed. "Your honor agrees me."

"It helps." To the girl Harry added, "You have the damndest playmate, baby," and closed his eyes.

He had no clear idea of what there was for him to do, now that he had caught up with the general. That worthy promised to be a problem, present circumstances what they were. The girl confused things adversely.

That she was part of this night's pattern of violence there was no doubt. If, as her reaction indicated, she had been in some shade of affiliation with the corpse from the park, that meant she was in touch of a capacity as a threat.

He said, "Did you have, to shoot me so hard, back there at the airport? I thought I was doing you a favor, you know, pulling you out from under that plane. Were those the boys who were trying to make some sort of you?"

Hilda Ganssen looked from the hide man to Harry. "Am sorry about that," she said softly. "But I was informed you were coming down here to arrest the general. I couldn't afford to have the New York police

gunning things up. I had to get you out of the way, to get him first."

"So you were looking for our pal too," Harry asked. "Too bad we couldn't have worked together on this, baby. We might have been all finished now, enjoying ourselves somewhere else."

The general chuckled from the depths of his jacket collar. "The young lady has been schooled quite badly. She is much too new at our little games of strategy."

"Take note, Hilda. Learn something every day." He asked, "What now, General? Do we have to drive this off?"

"They have a plane waiting," said Hilda.

"The one that tried to stop you at the airport?"

"Probably. They intend to get him out of the country as fast as possible, before we can question him further."

"Popular fellow, aren't you, General? We have some questions to ask you, too. About running down a New York cop." He snapped his fingers, starting the fellow on the jacket seat. "I'll toss you to see who keeps the general, Hilda." Harry reached for his change pocket.

"Dad!" snapped Venkov. The girl shook her head in annoyance.

"Okay, okay," Harry said. "But you State Department people stand in danger of becoming dull. Or am I wrong about the top? Army Intelligence? Or Civilian Intelligence Agency? No matter—you finished the ball for sure."

The general nodded. "We knew all about Miss Ganssen's plans. Though we missed her at the airport, and her companion made the mistake of trying to surprise me at my hotel."

"Wasn't there another one?" Hilda nodded. "He'd give to check another tip we had. Ted—Ted and I were alone, outside the hotel, when

three doors came out. They spotted me. The car, trying to get help."

Harry nodded. "Looking for a cop, I suppose, after it was too late." He did not have to point out; his own capture could be traced to the girl. It was his firm conviction, and the Department's as well, that all these undercover, cloak and dagger habits would be better off if they'd learn a little co-operation with the boys in blue, instead of trying to work all by themselves.

The car was moving swiftly into the more deserted streets on the outskirts of the city now.

The general might have been reading Harry's mind. "Just a bit easy, my head framed, then your worries will be over."

Hilda's face was white with terror, and Harry tried his best to will her all the courage that he could.

They were moving much more slowly on that side road and the ride was far less comfortable. Seemingly on the spot, Harry banged the wheel of tires rising too quickly for good traction; the car was slipping into the road made treacherous by recent rains. When the machine stalled, sliding into potholes across the road, the general cursed at the driver to be careful.

Yankow backed further orders. The fellow up front got out of the driver's compartment with the speed of an emergency camp-outing. If the forward seat, Harry heard the clanking of two chains.

Yankow said, "Never mind," opening the door on his side and embracing Harry and the girl to follow. "We can all walk to the plane from here."

They were going that far, then. Harry had a vision of a plane, whirling the general away, with Harry Nutter and Hilda Chasen as well as the dead man's body going along as casual baggage, to be dumped uncer-

where, beyond the coast probably. Next and final—

"After you," he said to Hilda, watching the driver who was still playing with the car doors in the mud beyond the car door. Harry rushed for the door handle on his side, wary carefully, but once looked on the gunman who faced him.

It was in that half moment of suspended action, as the gunman followed, that Harry made his break. He dived for the car doors that lay there in the mud, slung the front door on the kneeling driver's back.

Harry came erect with the chains snapped finally, swinging down with wild abandon in the direction of the big guy with the gun. Glass shattered as the chains crashed against man and car window; the shot, ringing almost in accompaniment, flared the air over Harry's shoulder as the chains hit into the other's upper arm.

The words of pain were lost in the ringing screams that broke the night. The two chains, swung by Harry in a vicious arc, whirled again, dangerous as a sword, cutting deeply into the leg main. The driver, still seeking to rise, was hounded most.

Then Harry was rushing around the back of the car, calling to Hilda, telling her to get down and out of the way. Yankow was, crunched against the car door, tugging at his jacket pocket.

Hilda's scream cut off as Harry swung the chains another time.

He dropped the chains and caught Hilda before she lost her legs.

Holding her that way, the soft smell of her hair against his face, he heard the other cars arriving, growling up around them. He had a sudden hunch that it would be Houghton looking there, tracking the night's action from the scene.

He remembered cigarette enough

to shake hands with the Irish half-dozen-looking man who was Moraghan. "There's a plane and a pilot somewhere up ahead," Harry said. "They figure it."

"You take it easy," Moraghan told him. "We'll get it from here on in."

Harry didn't argue. Yankow was his boy, and that character was on his

So he stayed there with Hilda who leaned against the police car and shook her hands back from side to side. Moraghan and some of his own, gone in hand, were fanning out. They walked slowly steadily . . . reluctantly.

Harry watched them go. "Well, that's about it. Sorry I couldn't do you off faster, but I didn't know what I was going to do until it happened."

"To you. We just part of the night's work."

"Heads are heads, no matter where you run into them," Harry told her.

"They got behind a man and try to push you around. The only thing to do is take the gun away and slap them down to size. In this case, Yankow killed a cop. I'll have got

him one way or the next, if they didn't get me first. I'm sorry you had to get caught up in it. But you'll be okay now, eh?"

"I guess so. But the CIA wanted the general for further questioning. I don't get him. They will probably be up first and last anyway."

"No work for a girl anyway—dangerous. But if it will make you feel better, whatever we reveal out any better, whatever we reveal out at Yankow and his pals will be at Yankow and his pals will be at Yankow Agency. All in due time, and as quietly as the Agency wants to work. We can't even do that as you people seem to think. We just have to trust you kids to think more highly of us."

There was a sudden burst of noise off in the distance; shots and voices intermingled. "Come more John Doe to enter the docket," Harry growled at the prospect of flight which had escaped her.

"This looks like a good enough time to say," he said. "To start treating you to think more highly of us cops."

When he took her in his arms, she didn't arise . . .

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The Plimsoll Line

By shaking his fist at the House of Commons,
a mild man saved thousands of lives.

Sonnet #150 was one of those mild ones, with no thought of servant poets devote their best to the belittlement of someone else's lot. And as dumb as they all seem, so to heights of fury which even the most pugnacious would admire.

Most people who have seen a ship leave at the Miami dock that I have been on with the historical line down through it which is now painted on the side of every boat which goes to sea. It is there to show how deeply the ship may be taken in at times through the work of some Miami man at about 1900. I was able to fight the Dutch House

Spencer Penwell was no long-haired, hippy-tinged philanthropist. He left behind a shipping business in Alaska which gave Spencer his last interest in the world of sailors. In that sea, every one scrupulously owns, with "care," about the sea, hoping not so much on their complete loss, but the women do of their knowledge that they (the sailors) might collect due sums for insurance.

Flanagan devoted his life's work to its scientific cause. And after being elected to Parliament he worked to have a bill passed through predicting, among other things, to do to use in "coffee" shops. When Churchill announced that his life would be dropped (Flanagan was elected

sig. ex Libano(?) natus, libani Samueli f. n. M.
Pompeii

He created a scene which was then underplayed in the great British Parliament on the late afternoon's enquiry. Calling all members at the House of Commons "idiots", he trembled with rage as he stood his feet on the Speaker.

A user letter to 1976, Thomas's public opinion and other Pittsford had applied to the Towhee his crossed ball was considered to the Alachua Springs, Al which gave various powers to the Marchant (and all Trade, since the "Pittsford" all Mark was guarding the writer's a quarter travelling on marches that throughout the evil world.

Today we still need to provide a similar opportunity for our business owners. Most of us who prosper are insured by Life Assurance. Thanks to this great institution, we can all enjoy the benefits of financial security for ourselves and our dependents. The Life Office we use is not just a place where we pay our money, but a place where we can afford the insurance which we need to protect our families and our dependents. Life Insurance is a great benefit, and we can all enjoy it. It is a great benefit, and we can all enjoy it. It is a great benefit, and we can all enjoy it.

CONCLUSIONS:

In this sense, *Cyprus* presents a new writer, Henry Carton, who per-
name divulges a mass of many
parts. Carton has spent considerable
time in Cyprus and has account of the
blame and winter events in the
"Hotel Aphrodite" have a background
of personal experience and observa-
tion.

THE GAMES CHOOSE

Whether it's boxing, racing, football or what-have-you, every so often the fans begin to yelp: "The game's crook." But none of them can ever have had more ample cause than the attempt made in the United States to rig the World's Baseball Series. Frank Browne, in his article, "Sporting History's Greatest Fix" (Page 26), gives the low-down on the whole obscene affair. . . .

STRICTLY STAT-

Among the ranks of the English countries, none has a juster claim to fame than Mr. Charles Waterton of England, Spain, British Guiana and other parts west. In his story (Page 81), Jack Pearson has unearthed some of the more fantastic of his exploits . . . and, believe it or not, they really occurred. Mr. Waterton was a man like that . . . is one this century's disadvantage that perhaps we may not look upon his like again.

EASTERN SPIDERS-THOMAS

Europe had that morsel of all women seen, Mata Hari . . . but East produced another who was at least Mata Hari's equal in sensuality. She was the brutal . . . and yet seductive . . . Mandie Frazetta, Red-hot Jade. Walker Matheson gives the whole bizarre story in "The Deadly Charm of Red-hot Jade" (Page 8).

TELEPATHY:

Is there any truth in telepathy? Is it merely the cunning trickery of adept stage performers . . . or does it depend on an extra sense of which men and women are just beginning to become aware. Read John Sanford's article, "Are You a Human Radio?" (Page 26), it may help you decide. At the very least it provides some fantastic case histories which are difficult to explain away other than by assuming it even is fantasy. Sanford has gone to considerable research to compile this article and is one of his best.

STOCKADE OF SEN.

In "Wild Women's Stockade" (Page 60), Jack Fleming has unearthed an almost unknown episode of Anglo-American history which lends a thrilling side-light to the War for Independence. The episode of the Wild Women of the Meadows is revealing in more ways than one.





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